

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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TWENTY YEARS OF GOOD KING GEORGE

See
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Eight

IS MATTER BEING BUILT UP NOW?

A SCIENTIST AND AN
ATOMThe Universe May Be Renewing
Its Youth Like the Eagle

JEANS v. MILLIKAN

Professor Harkins, a scientist of acknowledged repute, declares that he has built up an atom. What does this mean to science?

Astronomers, surveying the resistless, endless outpouring of energy by every lighted star, including our own Sun, have of late years told us that the starry Universe, like a clock, is running down as its radiant energy flows away and is not renewed.

Outside the Milky Way

This idea was powerfully set forth of late by Sir James Jeans, and brought forth a rejoinder from the American physicist Dr Millikan, who discovered the cosmic rays which are at all times flooding through space and are more penetrating than the minutest X-rays or the rays of radium.

Dr Millikan said that these excessively penetrating rays were in his belief a symptom of a process going on in the distant nebulae, the island universes outside the Milky Way, where matter is not flowing away in radiation but is being built up by it. In other words, new atoms are constantly being created to replace the old.

The difficulty with which science is faced in accepting this belief is that of understanding any possible process by which the fragments of an atom (which are electrons or smaller atoms of electricity) could be bound together in an atom, or could bind themselves.

Years of Experiment

Sir Ernest Rutherford, in the course of many years of experiment, has been led to believe that sometimes the atom of a gas, when furiously bombarded with electric particles, will lose or exchange one of its own particles and change into another kind of atom.

The experiments of Professor Harkins, lasting over seven years and conducted with the help of very powerful electric bombardments, have led him to believe that an atom of nitrogen, after collision with an atom of helium charging into it at 11,000 miles a second, gives rise eventually to atoms of hydrogen or even oxygen.

If oxygen is the residue, then an atom of higher atomic weight has been "created" out of atoms of lower atomic weight. Thus a new and heavier atom is built up; and this both Professor Harkins and Dr Millikan take as evidence that somewhere in space new matter is being built up out of old fragments.

God Save the King



This week completes the twentieth year of the most impressive reign in the history of kings. King George had been on the throne 20 years on the sixth of May. See page 8.

FARADAY'S SPECTACLES

FARADAY'S spectacles have been presented to the Royal Institution. If only his vision could go with the gift!

It was at the Royal Institution that he looked through them when making optical glass, and he saw farther through them than anybody else, for he saw a vision of Britain making her own optical glass on a commercial scale. No one else saw the proposal in the same light, and it was dropped. Germany picked it up and makes optical glass for the world.

Many other things Faraday saw. He saw electro-magnetic induction, which is the principle on which the dynamos are built to drive our electric trains and light our houses.

Perhaps he did not peer far enough into the future to see how the whole electrical world of today would be created. But we may recall what he said to a Chancellor of the Exchequer. "What will be the use of it?" asked Mr Gladstone. "Well," replied Faraday

with a twinkle, "I think something will be made of it, Mr Gladstone, that some day you will be able to tax."

Through his spectacles Faraday saw what could be done with his great discovery of electrolysis. By means of it the world plates its metals today with deposits of silver or copper or nickel. He saw what might come of the liquefaction of gases and set the Royal Institution on the way to those achievements which Dewar pursued there.

At one of his Christmas lectures he told boys and girls to "Study science with earnestness, and elicit the truth; but keep your imagination within bounds, taking heed lest it run away with your judgment; and, above all, beware of being led away by the superstitions which at this day of progress are a disgrace to the age."

There are still foolish superstitions about. But Faraday never saw through his spectacles what was not there.

FIVE MUSK RATS TURNED LOOSE

AND WHAT HAPPENED
AFTERWARDSThe Few That Have Become a
Hundred Millions

AN ASTOUNDING INVASION

From time to time we have referred to the presence and increase of the musk rat in Europe, but who ever expected that these New World animals would take possession of 120,000 square miles of the Old World and become a plague 100 millions strong?

Few things more incredible have happened since the days when a few rabbits introduced into Australia overran that continent and threatened New Zealand with the ruin of its agriculture.

Europe's First Musk Rats

It is an established natural law that where a species is introduced into favourable new surroundings it so benefits by the change that it develops enormously in numbers and wellbeing and ousts the old-established species which have been on the scene from time immemorial. The story is once more repeated in the new chapter in the history of the musk rat.

The animal is familiar to us as the musquash, from whose fur beautiful coats are made for women. Its home is on the American continent, but 25 years ago two males and three females were brought to Europe from Alaska and turned loose on an estate 25 miles from Prague. Soon afterwards a few from Canada were added to the stock.

From that small beginning the animals have roamed far and wide, all through Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Germany. They have crossed the frontiers of Switzerland, and Belgium is fearful lest the musk rats should break in upon her.

Disastrous Tunnels

For, although the flesh of the musquash is excellent as human food and its fur is a prize of value, the animal's habits are as destructive as those of beavers. Musk rats are great burrowers. They make long tunnels to their nests, and as the mouths of the tunnels are usually under water the effect of them, when near engineering works, is disastrous.

Great damage has been done in various parts of Europe in this manner. Electric works have been stopped, railways undermined, and public roads sunk. The musk rats threaten reservoirs, so that guards are organised to protect these undertakings, hundreds of men being engaged on the work in various places, trapping and killing the animals, and teaching local inhabitants how to deal with the plague.

A quarter of a century ago the musquash was only a name in Europe; today it is as firmly established in many great centres as the mouse and the rat.

A LITTLE WOOD AT LONDON'S GATE

HOW THE RECTOR SAVED IT

The Hand of the Vandal in a Very Sacred Place

A HEAVY DEBT TO PAY

There are still little islands of paradise left in our countryside.

One of them is an hour's run from London, and just before we reach it is perhaps the ugliest piece of arterial road on which the hard-earned money of the English taxpayer has been spent. It is at Kingsdown, on the height of the London-to-Folkestone Road. The old farm has disappeared and in its place is half a mile of rural wretchedness.

A little way out of sight of all these shanties, in the heart of a small wood, stands Kingsdown Church. It is one of England's treasures. It is built of flint and very plain, but there are rich men across the sea who would give a fortune if they could carry it away. It was given to the monks of Rochester by William the Conqueror's son, but something about it is earlier even than that. There is some 14th-century glass, also a painting thought to be older than the Conqueror.

This Hallowed Place

Certain it is that people were saying their prayers on this sacred spot before the Conqueror built his great cathedrals in Normandy. A dear and hallowed little place it is. Dear and hallowed, too, is the wood itself, for in it stands the old churchyard, and throwing their shadow over the graves are two of the finest yews in our Natural Gallery.

We are telling the story of this little church in Kingsdown Wood, because a magnificent thing has happened there. The brave rector of Kingsdown has saved the wood from the fate that has befallen the arterial road.

The desecrators of our countryside would have done with this wood what has been done close by; the whole of the 75 acres was advertised for sale, and it seemed as if nothing could save it from the hands of the vandal. This would have meant the reproduction around the beautiful old church of the eyesores of the main road, and the Rector of Kingsdown could not sleep. He resolved to save this little paradise, and he borrowed £1600 and saved it. Now he owes 20 guineas for every acre of one of the most delightful bits of rural England left within 20 miles of London.

The Burden of the Poor

What are we going to do about it? This burden cannot be left for Kingsdown parish to bear. The people are very poor, and it has taken them 20 years to raise a thousand pounds to put their church in order. They have just completed it. That was the work of time, and gladly and nobly did the people rally; but it is the threat of the speculative builder that has laid this new burden on the parish, and the rector has borne it for the sake of the church and the country.

Everyone who loves a quick run from London to some quiet place, everyone who loves these little churches that carry the mind down the ages, everyone who loves a shrine of English history and a piece of English beauty, owes something to the Rector of Kingsdown. We have promised him a few guineas from C.N. homes, and we beg our readers to spare him some reward for his courage. He is the Rev. F. W. Warland, Kingsdown Rectory, near Sevenoaks. We are glad to see the name of Sir Mark Collet among those who appeal for him, for Sir Mark is Chairman of the Kent Education Committee, and this is as it should be. Of what good is any committee, of what good is education itself, if Beauty goes?

THE PLAYFUL PIRATE

A Grim Bird's Sense of Humour

GAME A MAN WOKE UP TO SEE

An extraordinary story is told of the kea parrot in a letter to *The Times*.

The writer says that while on a visit to Mount Cook in the South Island of New Zealand he spent a night in a hut some miles up one of the glaciers, and was awakened from sleep in the early morning by a tremendous noise on the iron roof. He went out and witnessed what must have been one of the most remarkable games ever played by birds.

Near the hut was a dump containing many tins. Each kea had carried a tin from the dump to the hut. Each bore its tin to the ridge of the roof, released it there, watched it roll down, and then slid down after it.

The Badge of Confidence

For a while they continued their play in utter fearlessness in spite of the fact that a man watched them, for confidence is the badge of all birds and beasts which have not yet grown to suspect human beings. But when the absurdity of the play provoked the watcher to an irresistible burst of laughter, the keas flew hastily away.

This must be one of the most extraordinary examples known to naturalists, not only of the playful instinct in birds but of adaptability. Many birds play, the bower birds in their extraordinary homes; gulls as they dart and flit about; rooks as they wheel and eddy in the great encircling manoeuvres which precede the last rushing flight to their nests for the night.

The Keas and the Sheep

Their ability to talk in imitation of the human voice gives all parrots an air of wisdom, gravity, and humour beyond that of all other birds, but unfortunately the kea is adaptable in another and grimmer sense.

A century ago no kea had ever seen a sheep, for there was no mammal bigger than a rat in all New Zealand.

Sheep-farming in areas frequented by keas led to these birds discovering a new source of food for themselves in the body of the sheep. Ever since they have made war on living sheep and have become the most hated birds in New Zealand. They are the pirates of the sheep world. Yet, as we see, they have a sense of humour.

FOR EVER AND FOR EVER

For all that our telescopes sweep the skies to a range of more than a million light-years, what they reveal must evidently be as nothing compared with what is. If the most powerful of all the telescopes could be placed on the most distant of all the stars, the astronomer would have a vista of new stars, see as many again as he had seen from here; and all would have to be begun afresh, from one group to another, until the end of time that never will end.

Maurice Maeterlinck in *The Magic of the Stars*. (Allen & Unwin, 6s.)

ABERDEEN BITES ON GRANITE

Aberdeen has invented a saw that bites on granite.

More than that, the new machine saw will cut the hardest granite as easily as other saws cut soft Carrara marble. In an hour it can carve a wedge an inch and a half deep out of the hardest granite the old grey granite city of the North can produce.

Till this saw was invented six hours would have been required for the same work with pneumatic tools; and Scotland will now be able to compete with the granite yards of Germany, where the saying about biting on granite appears to have been invented.

THE CLEVERNESS OF THE LOCUST ARMY

Outwitting Its Human Enemies

THE WAR WAITING TO BE WON

In the locust the soldiers of Great Britain and Egypt have met a foe man worthy of their steel.

Steel would not suffice to turn the locust aside. Trenches are dug to entrap these determined invaders, who come in their own aeroplanes—by millions. Flame-throwers are brought to bear on them, but though the locusts are destroyed by the ton in the pits where their marching infantry have fallen still they come.

The locust armies march on a front often two miles wide, and, though a mile-long trench may be dug for their discomfiture they sometimes avoid it. They seem to have an uncanny scent of danger, and their army as a whole will sometimes turn aside from the trench, taking up a new line of march, and outflanking the Egyptians waiting to spoil them. Again and again the humans have been outwitted by the locust army.

The tale of the locust raids and the measures taken to meet them is like that of manoeuvres in war; but this is a war which benefits everybody. It would not be so necessary if more had been learned of the breeding-grounds of the locust in the African desert or on its borders.

When nations stop killing each other they will be better able to carry on these wars against a common foe.

TWICE ROUND THE WORLD IN TWO HOURS

News travels apace. A news message has been sent twice round the world in five minutes over two hours.

That is not so fast as a wireless impulse which can girdle the Earth in less than a second, but this news message made many stops by the way.

It was sent on its way by wireless and by cable. It stopped at 22 cities throughout the globe, where it was copied out, transmitted locally, and then relayed and sent on to the next stop.

The news message completed its first circuit of the globe from New York and back again in 1 hour 37 minutes, and 25 different systems of communication, wireless, cable, and land line, were used.

In the two hours every portion of the globe was in receipt of the news.

THE OLDEST SENATOR

What He Had Seen

Senator Georges Casimir Dessaulles, who has died at Quebec, had many titles to honoured remembrance, but one was more striking than any other. He lived 102 years.

He was easily the oldest senator of Canada, and in his rooth year he still attended meetings of the Dominion Senate. He must have been the oldest member of any Parliament in the world.

The people of St. Hyacinthe, who celebrated his rooth birthday with a public holiday, held a day of public mourning for the funeral of this great old man who had seen Canada emerge from a struggling pioneer community to be a great nation.

THE TIRED SWALLOWS

Swallows migrating from Africa, exhausted by their long flight against strong winds, flew through the porthole of a bathroom on Sir Warden Chilcott's yacht off Corsica. They stayed till morning, apparently unafraid, and flew away at daybreak.

A CONTINENT FOUND AND LOST

Discoverers Who Thought It Was an Island

NEW LIGHT ON AN ADVENTURE OF 300 YEARS AGO

News of the first discoverer of Australia has just come from a manuscript which was lost for centuries and has been found anew. Its information was all unknown to us. It is that Captain Don Diego de Prado y Tovar found a continent and lost it.

Another Columbus

The continent was Australia, and the Spanish captain found it more than 300 years ago but never knew he had found it—just as Christopher Columbus found America and never knew it was America.

A Dutch captain followed the Spaniard, commanding a ship named the *Duyfhen*. He thought the new continent was New Guinea; but, though he followed the Spaniard, he saw more of it, and because of that the priority of discovery was given to him and to his country, and Australia was long known as New Holland. But, though we know what he did, his name is unrecorded. So that it seems we may never know the name of the first official discoverer of Australia.

In these circumstances perhaps we may reasonably fall back on Captain Don Diego, who was a fine sailor, and not more ignorant of geography than the rest of the world in 1605 when he sailed on his adventurous voyage, with Torres as his second in command, in the general direction of New Guinea—or Papua.

A Forgotten Name

The ship ought to have passed to the north of New Guinea; stress of weather drove it to the south, and it passed along the winding passage now named Torres Strait between New Guinea and North Queensland. The voyagers saw the southern land. They passed it by not suspecting it to be anything more than a small island.

The name of Torres is commemorated in the Strait. That of Don Diego y Tovar has been forgotten, and might have remained unhonoured still if it had not been that the manuscript telling the story of his voyage has just been rediscovered. It was bought some years ago at a London auction room, but was only recently inspected.

This new evidence leaves no doubt that Don Diego was the very first on whose eyes burst the vision of this New World of the South.

THINGS SAID

Men and women are not cogs.

Mr Angus Watson

There is too much desire to amuse everyone.

Sir Arthur Balfour

There are already fifty thousand books about the war.

Mr H. Foster

Too many are content to begin life on a dole and end it on a pension.

Mr W. Strachan

The man who works in a coalmine today is the bravest man in the world.

A Sheffield coroner

I see no reason why a station should not be as beautiful as a National Gallery.

Sir Herbert Walker

The ideas in the schools of 1930 are the ingredients of the world situation of 1940.

Bishop of Winchester

Never in all her short life did she utter an unkind word.

The mother of a C.N. reader who has died at 17

I am all right; I have had my day; that child's day is to come.

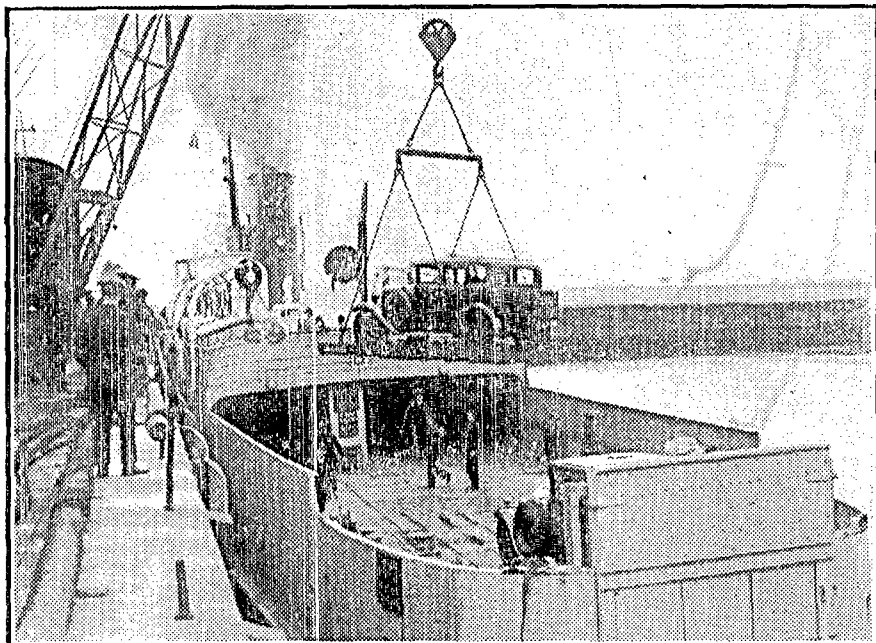
A Liverpool woman killed in saving a child from a car

May 10, 1930

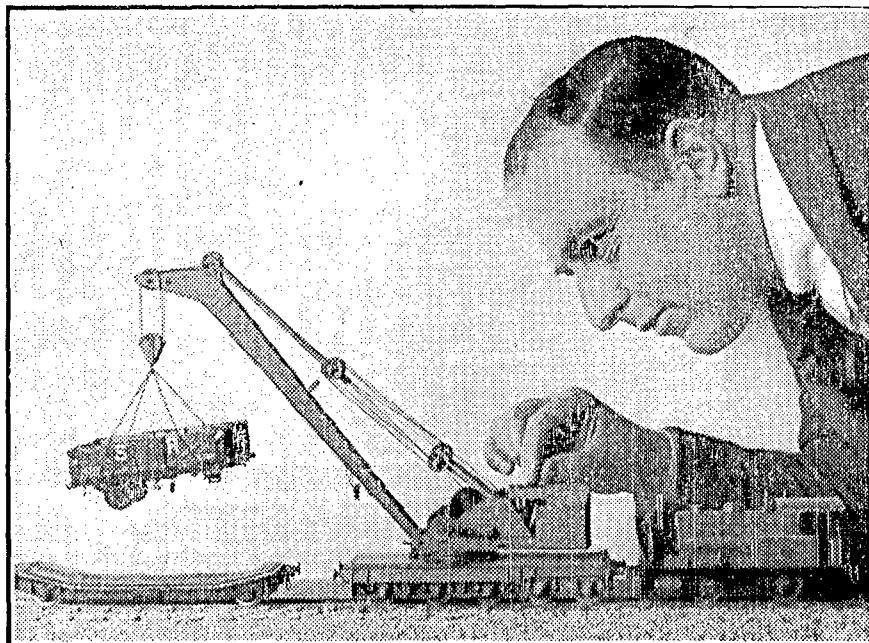
The Children's Newspaper

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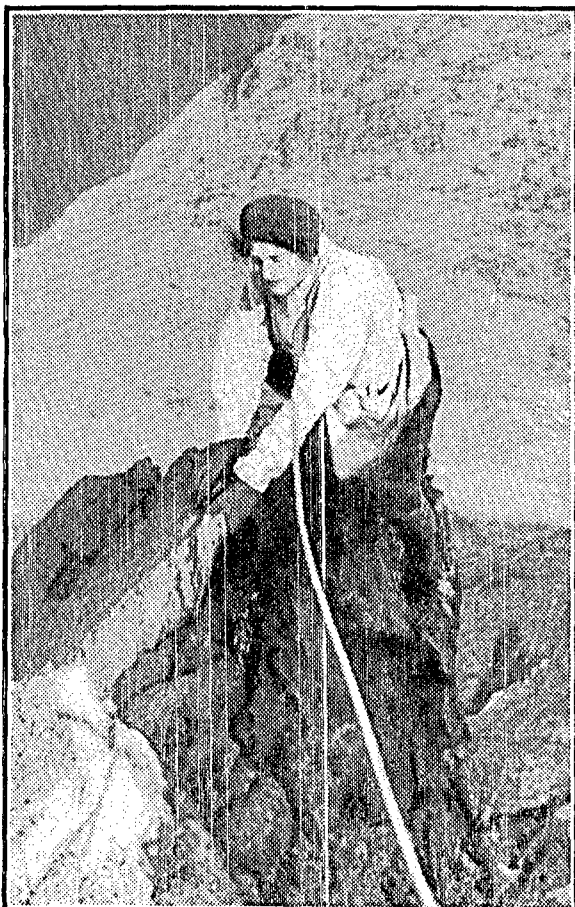
A CARGO OF CARS . WORKING UNDER WATER . WASHING AN ELEPHANT



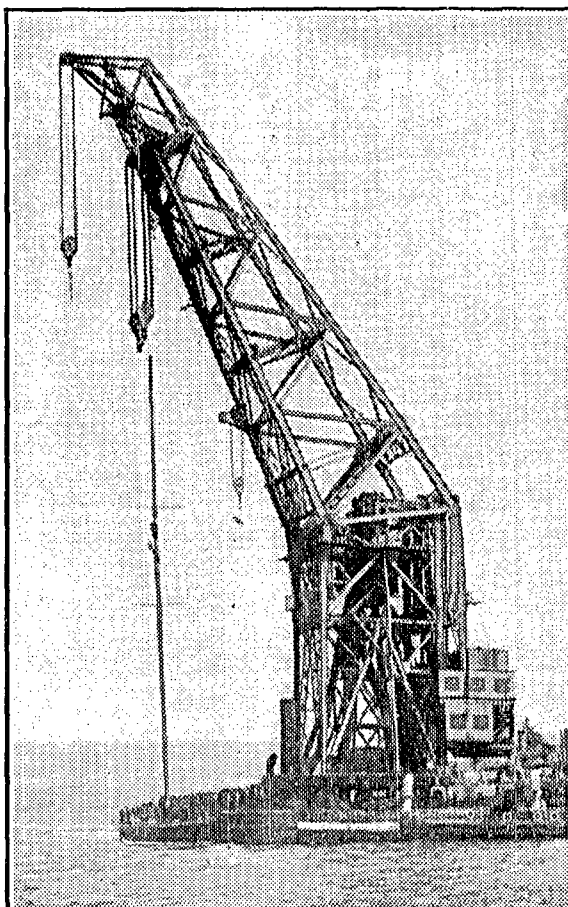
A Cargo of Cars—The increasing number of holiday-makers who take cars to the Continent has led to the introduction of a steamer which carries 26. It is here seen at Dover.



A Miniature Accident—Many splendid models were shown at the recent exhibition of the Model Railway Club in London. The picture shows a little breakdown crane at work.



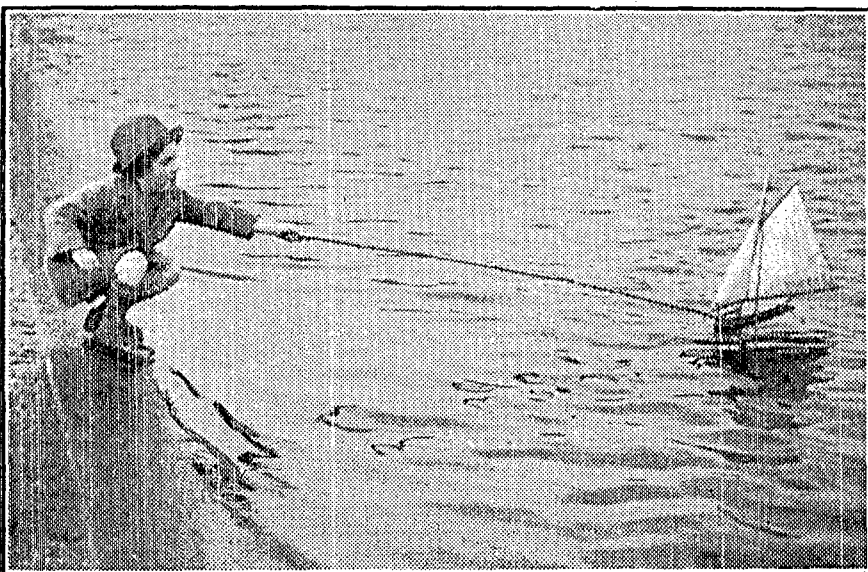
Hard Work on Holiday—There are few more energetic ways of spending a holiday than climbing. Here we see a girl climber nearing the summit of a peak in the Snowdon range.



The New Shamrock—Sir Thomas Lipton is to make another attempt to win the America Cup with a new yacht, Shamrock the Fifth. The mast of it is here being fitted by means of a giant crane at Portsmouth.



Working Under Water—This diver is about to descend to his work of repairing the foundations of the bridge which carries the road from Worcester to Chester over the River Salwarpe.



Journey's End—Although its ocean is but the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, wonderful are the voyages made by this trim little craft. At least so thinks its owner, here seen giving the boat a helping hand at the end of a voyage.



Jumbo's Wash and Brush-Up—Grooming time for the Zoo elephants appears to be a somewhat drastic affair judging by the garden brooms that are used. Actually, however, the big creatures submit willingly and enjoy every minute of it.

AMERICA AND GENEVA

Growing Interest in the League

WORK ON COMMITTEES

Ten years after the birth of the League its true founder still remains outside it. But few Americans and fewer Englishmen realise to how great an extent the American Government takes part in the work of the League.

It began with the sending of an Observer to attend various League conferences. The Observer could see and hear but could not speak and vote. But now, at almost every important conference or committee, America has her full representative, like any State Member of the League, through whom she helps to make decisions and is bound by them when they are made.

The World Court

A list has been made of League activities in which America took her part during one half of last year.

There are the long discussions on disarmament, and the committee on rules about the manufacture of arms, and meetings to codify international law and the conditions of membership of the World Court at The Hague. How many people know that a former Secretary of State at Washington is one of the eleven judges of the World Court?

America is a member of the League committees on the organisation of air services, on economic relations, on tariffs, on finance, on refugee settlements. Other discussions in which she has taken part concern counterfeit money, transport statistics, veterinary services, the transportation of animals, bills of exchange and cheques, and the protection of stage artistes.

America and the Covenant

In these six months, too, she sent five treaties for publication in the League's Treaty Series and gave her adhesion to the League Convention on Slavery.

America, in short, does everything but attend the Assembly and Council meetings (though hosts of individual Americans go and listen to the Assembly debates). That would, of course, involve full membership of the League, which would in its turn involve signing the League Covenant. The reason usually given for refusing to do this is that the Covenant requires that League members shall be ready to use force against Covenant breakers. Yet at the time the League was formed both President Hoover and his Secretary of State Mr Stimson were supporters of the League. Can we doubt that in their hearts they are supporters still?

BABY'S CLUB

Among the new good things the C.N. likes to welcome is the Babies Club.

There are such clubs in Hampstead, Chelsea, and other neighbourhoods, and the mothers pay from two and a half to five guineas a year.

The Infant Welfare Centres are paid for out of public funds and are meant to help the poorest. They are so crowded that women who are a little better off say to themselves: "We have no right to come here and take up room meant for poorer mothers."

Yet they long to learn the latest ideas about the care of babies, and those with first babies have a score of questions concerning clothes and training which they would not dare put to a busy doctor.

So they have started Infant Welfare Centres for subscribers. Here the wives of men with very modest incomes can get the best advice about food, hygiene, and clothing. They can discuss with a specialist nurse those matters which would appear trivial to a doctor. But directly there is illness the mother is told to report to a doctor.

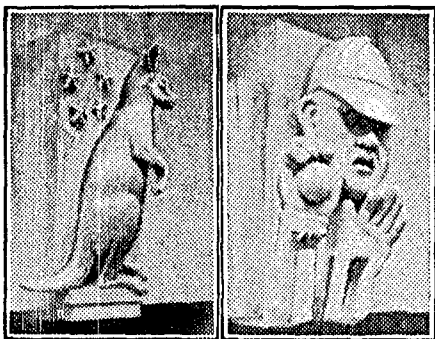
BRITISH DOWN TO THE GROUND

Melbourne House's Fire Escape

Melbourne House in Aldwych has set a noble example of beauty joined to usefulness in the beautiful stone staircase which is to serve as a fire-escape, never to be used, let us hope.

The staircase attracted the notice of the C.N. the first time the Editor passed it on a bus, but, though buses do not pass quickly along the Strand, the eye of the observer, which was fastened on the staircase, neglected to perceive that the building to which it belonged was not Bush House but Melbourne House.

So it was that the C.N. attributed the fine idea of the staircase to Bush House and therefore to American architecture. On the contrary, however, the staircase is built on to Melbourne House in accordance with the designs of Messrs



Keystones on Melbourne House

Trehearne and Norman, Preston & Co., the well-known British architects. Most gladly do we transfer this honour to where the honour is due, greatly regretting that we credited our American friends with the work of our own countrymen.

While admiring the staircase another reason for congratulation appears in the cleverly-designed keystones of Melbourne House, where the Australian Kangaroo and the Victorian Wicket-keeper make it quite clear that this must be Melbourne House, a product of the Commonwealth of Australia. We show here two of these quaint features.

GIVE THE WATER BIRDS A CHANCE

A Sanctuary in Romney Marsh

The admirable Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is making a special appeal for funds to complete a sanctuary for marsh birds and for winter wildfowl visitors who frequent Romney Marsh in Kent.

Two years ago the society bought 18 acres, and now more land is available for purchase (for £4000) of an adjoining area that will complete an ideal Reserve. Besides pasture let for grazing the Sanctuary will contain open water, stretches of mud, and beds of reeds and rushes, such as waders and many interesting bird visitors delight in.

Various kinds of wild duck come regularly. Grey geese haunt the place in winter. Ruffs and reeves, the black-tailed godwit, and whimbrel rest here on migration. Without such reservation these birds find little peace.

The International Conference on the protection of wildfowl held in 1927 reported in favour of permanent reservations. Such reservations are provided by the Governments of the United States, where there are 33, and Canada, where there are 80, but the securing of suitable areas is not so easy in England. This Romney Marsh site, however, is peculiarly suitable and is available, and the projected purchase deserves the support of all who can afford practical sympathy. The address of the society is 82, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

HE LIVES IN HEARTS THAT KNEW HIM

Far away in the sunlight of Nazareth is a hospital which is a veritable god-send to the poor, and above one of the beds is the name of Ian Macfarlane.

He was a young man who died of typhus in the war. But in spite of his youth he had already made a mark on hundreds of lives, and his friends endowed the bed as a memorial to him. He has another memorial in the shape of a short memoir written by his father, so that those who did not meet him in the flesh may grow to love him in print.

A Happy Childhood

Lovable he was. From babyhood he was sweet-tempered and delighted in a joke. After a singularly happy childhood spent in a Scottish manse he went to George Watson's College, the famous school which could boast of four sons who were Cabinet Ministers at one time. A school friend tells how one day Macfarlane and some other boys saw a well-known man reeling unsteadily through the streets. Macfarlane begged the others not to speak of the disgraceful sight, lest it should lead to the man's dismissal.

The compassion he felt so early led him to be a doctor. Never did a medical student put more heart into his work. When at the Royal Infirmary he would ask his parents and friends to pray for patients who were in danger, and after they left hospital he would take 40-mile bicycle rides into the country to visit them in their cottages and see how they got on.

Many Friendships

He asked to spend his fourth medical year in the slums, where a whisky shop had been turned into a dispensary by the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. There he made many friendships with the poor and prepared himself to be a medical missionary.

In 1911 he went out to assist another doctor in a hospital in Nazareth. He described the town as "a most confusing place, narrow streets with no names, with tall houses on both sides, and no landmark except smells."

His work was hard, but not dull. Here is a typical job: "An hour's ride brought me to Cana. You have no idea what surgical operations mean here. The patient lay on a dirty floor in a room where a camel, a donkey, fowls, and about 20 people were. I said chloroform was necessary. They all shouted No in Arabic, and I packed my instruments and made for the door—a bit of bluff. At last they yielded, but not one of them would help."

Often on these expeditions to sick villagers he was in danger from robbers, but he never refused a call.

Bible Reading in the War

In the war he joined the R.A.M.C. and after nine months in France was sent to Egypt. The happy youngster had a wonderful effect on the other men in his mess. He made them all start Bible reading by pointing out that the Bible was the best guide book to that part! When they told him he was a brilliant doctor and that after the war he could earn £1500 a year in private practice instead of £200 a year as a medical missionary, he preferred the £200. Nothing would make him give up the work. He liked the tale of the man who tried to dissuade his friend from missionary work by reminding him of the awful heat, 104 in the shade! "Well," said the friend, "you don't need to live in the shade."

In 1917 the keen and clever young doctor was given four jobs to run together—a Hospital, a Refuge Camp, a Camp for Typhus, and a Dispensary for the villagers. His diary shows that he was doing all this work while his body was racked with pain and his temperature was 102. At last he could hold out no more, and he died of typhus and overwork before he was 30.

But he lives in the hearts of poor people in Scotland and Palestine and Egypt.

UR TELLS ITS STORY ANEW

The City of Many Waters

The streets of Ur, where Abraham walked, were those of no mean city. It grows larger and more important with every stroke of Mr Leonard Woolley's pick and shovel.

He tells us now that it was two and a half miles round its fortified walls, a fortress greater than Carcassonne, though the whole town could have been got into Battersea Park.

To Abraham and those who dwelled there in his time it must have seemed one of the greatest cities in the world, as great as we think Paris or London today. Babylon and Nineveh had yet to be built while Ur was in its golden prime.

Barbaric Opulence

Mr Leonard Woolley's discoveries in other years have revealed to us barbaric kings and a luxury of living in opulent contrast with the barbaric customs of burial which they had inherited from the savage tribes of desert Asia. Goldsmiths' work and jewels deck the sacrificial tombs.

But the excavator's work lengthens out for us continually the continuous history of this ancient city. Beneath its walls have been found traces of the Deluge, and among its foundations traces of people whose handiwork reaches back to the Age of Stone.

The discoverers are now retracing their steps, filling up the gaps between those most ancient days before history was written or told to those when the princes of Sumer and Akkad set down their deeds on tablets of clay or stone.

In the gaps we are enabled to see Ur growing in might and importance. A rampart 26 feet high and 70 feet wide springs up to guard it. King Ur-Engur built it more than 4000 years ago.

Town of Many Temples

The town was almost surrounded by its river. The Euphrates ran to the west, canals were cut along its eastern and northern ends outside the ramparts, and another canal was driven, like the waters in Fez, through the heart of the town, so that none should lack water. A town of many waters was this powerful city and one which, it seemed, could hold out against any invader.

If a town of many waters it was also a city of many temples and more than one god. Nebuchadnezzar raised one, Rim Sin of Larsa, before whom Abraham may have bowed his head as the king passed by, built another to Ningishzida, the brother of Tammuz, whom later peoples called Adonis, and to whom little gardens are built in India in the spring to this day.

If we may not say that every brick tells its story in excavated Ur, seldom has so much ancient history been made clear in so short a time as at Ur.

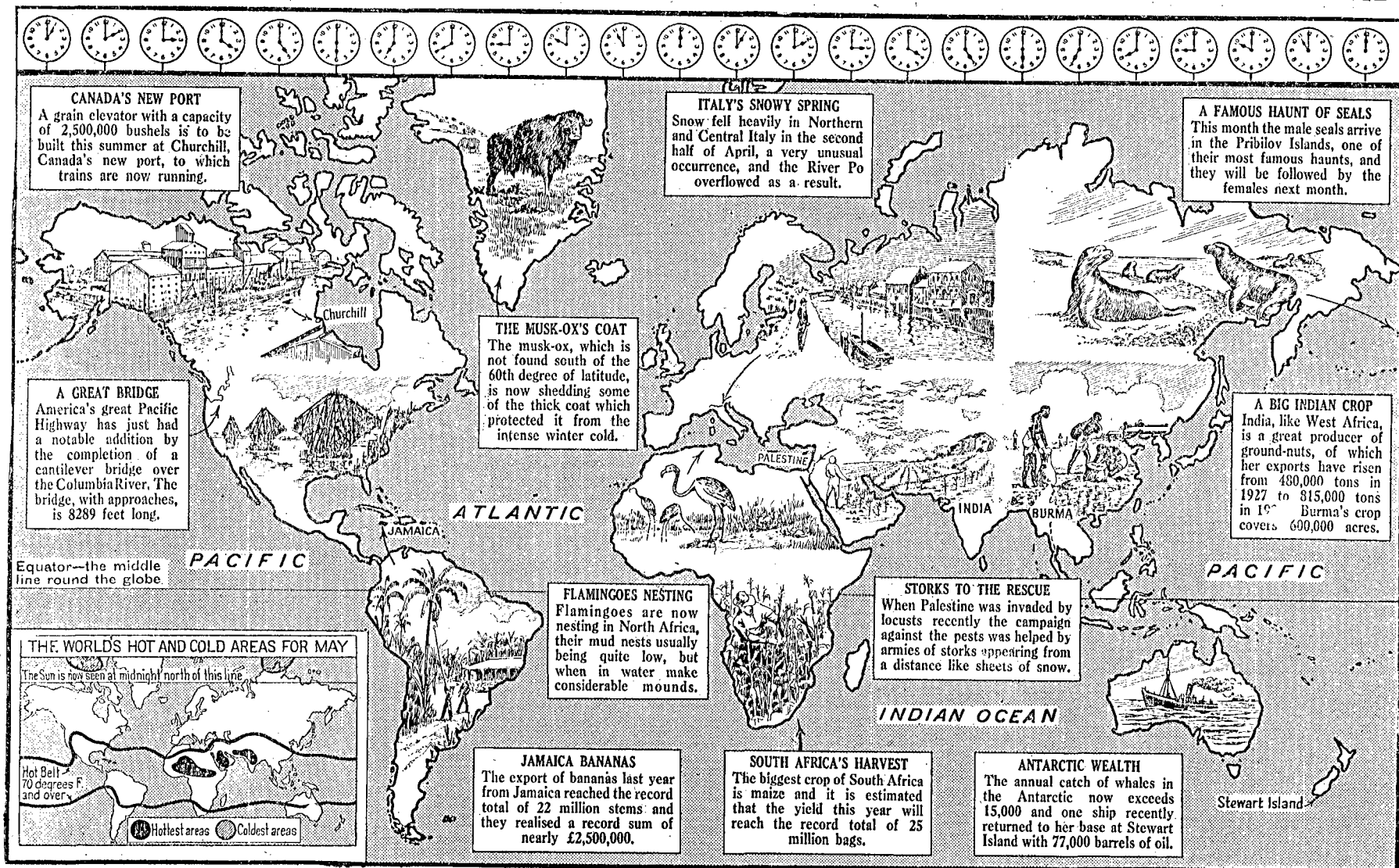
IS GUILDFORD ASLEEP?

What is happening to Guildford? Quite near it is the home of the founder of the Anti-Litter League, who has done a great work for Newlands Corner and has not neglected Leith Hill and other places. In the lovely village of Shere the other day, passing a carpenter's yard, we observed several excellent receptacles for litter being finished.

Yet in Guildford you wait for your bus, and you see some little traveller eating a banana while waiting. A bad time to choose, but the little fellow is on a long day out. He looks about for a place in which to drop the skin, and there is no provision for litter in Guildford streets, so he drops it, of course, where he is.

We are told that the authorities at Guildford have been approached on this matter by the League, but are too sleepy even to answer the letters; but as the Mayor of Guildford is a good friend of ours we feel sure this stain will soon be wiped off its escutcheon.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ENGLAND'S SPORTING LAURELS

Now for the Ashes

England has reason to congratulate herself on the football season which has just ended. She is Champion Country in both forms of the great winter pastime.

Against all expectation she overthrew Scotland in the final match of the international Soccer championship, and a fortnight later she became winner of the Rugby championship as well.

Now our thoughts turn to cricket. The Australians have arrived in readiness for the series of Test Matches which are to decide whether we are to retain the Ashes we won here on the occasion of their last visit and which we kept secure when our team visited them two years ago.

Our visitors are a powerful side, it need hardly be said. In batting they could hardly be bettered; in fielding they will probably be our superiors; but in bowling they seem likely to fall short of the present English standard. They have not a pair of fast bowlers to equal Tate and Larwood, nor quite the equivalent of Voce, Goddard, Nichols, and some others of the capable young players we have in reserve.

They have brought with them two magnificent young batsmen in Bradman and Jackson, new to England; and there are bowlers who now visit us for the first time. It may be that on our more difficult wickets these new additions to the Australian attack will prove more deadly than they do on the true, sunbaked wickets of their native land.

A man who can bowl at all well in Australia should bowl still more effectively here. If that should happen with Australia's new bowlers this summer we shall have a very fine struggle for the Ashes. We ought to retain our hold on this most precious of all cricket prizes, but the fight is sure to be exciting.

WEST AFRICA'S FRIEND A Good Man Lost

Sir Gordon Guggisberg, whose death is mourned by all who knew him, had a title to remembrance which extended beyond his own people. He was a friend of the West African Negro.

While Sir Gordon was Governor of the Gold Coast, spending there eight years which were not too salutary for his own health, he did something more than develop the colony. He developed the mind and education of the Negro.

He established the Negro University Settlement of Achimota, which is designed not merely to educate the Negro in Western subjects, but to develop his character and his pride in his own race. The sons of chiefs go there to learn how to become good governors of their own tribes. Native industries, native traditions, native ability are encouraged.

Throughout the Gold Coast during Sir Gordon Guggisberg's governorship the standing of the West African Native steadily advanced; and with it the colony's prosperity increased. In the dark past the West African Negro suffered cruelly from the white men who enslaved and transported him. Sir Gordon Guggisberg did much to restore the balance.

West Africa has long been a model colony, for the Native West African's land has been left to him, and many of the people are rich and prosperous.

THE POST OFFICE WILL LET YOU KNOW

A few weeks ago we published a note suggesting that the Post Office should arrange for senders of registered packets to be notified of their safe arrival.

Many people grumble at the Post Office, but now we know that the Postmaster-General has many good friends, for they point out to us that such a service is already arranged for. Go into a post office, ask for an A.R. form, pay another 3d., and you will hear when the registered packet has arrived.

NEW ROAD AND WALL Fleetwood's Defence Against the Sea

It would have been well for our motorists if the Romans had had the making of all the early roads in our little island. It is very unlikely that they made the narrow winding lane which was until recently the only road into Fleetwood from Blackpool.

Eighty thousand pounds have been spent in making the Broadway, the splendid arterial road which brings Fleetwood and Blackpool a whole mile nearer to one another.

Another costly improvement is the £55,000 sea defence wall built to protect Fleetwood from the disastrous floods by which it has so often been threatened at exceptionally high tides. Since 1847 the sea has overrun the town eleven times, but the new wall, 1900 yards long and from 13 to 17 feet wide, is designed to resist a tide of 38 feet, eight feet higher than any yet measured.

Safer Roads at Night

The A.A. is fixing 500 reflectors on telegraph poles at bends in the roads.

The Poet Laureate

The Poet Laureate, Dr Robert Bridges, has died in his 86th year.

50,000 Charities

There are over 50,000 recognised charities in England and Wales.

Copperfield in Budapest

A stage production of David Copperfield has been very successful in Budapest.

A Cannon Street Statue

It has been decided not to move the statue of William the Fourth from Cannon Street at present.

Poor Pony

A poor pit pony, born in a Staffordshire mine, is said to have just seen daylight for the first time in nearly 30 years.

The Pope's Gold Telephone

Work is now in progress on the installation of 800 telephones for the Vatican. The Pope's is to be of solid gold.

STILL THEY COME Another Planet Beyond Neptune?

It seems possible that the new planet beyond Neptune may have a neighbour farther out.

Professor Howard Shapley, who gave the weight of his great authority to the announcement made from Flagstaff Observatory, Arizona, that the long-sought planet beyond Neptune had been found, takes the same responsibility for the discovery of a second body.

It is not his own discovery, but comes from the Dominion Observatory at Ottawa. It has not been found by any observer this year, but is believed to have photographed itself some plates taken at the Canadian observatory six years ago.

Since the world's observatories took up the task of making the new great Star Chart of the heavens each observatory has accumulated great numbers of photographic plates of the portions of the starry skies assigned to them. These photographs are continually scanned—for the double purpose of fixing the positions of the stars on them and of finding undiscovered bodies.

One of these plates, taken in 1924, has now revealed an object which was not a known star. It is believed that it may be another body beyond Neptune, but it is not the same planet-like body discovered by Lowell Observatory.

Other observatories which have taken plates of the same portion of the sky about the same time are now examining them anew for confirmation.

It was long ago believed by some astronomers that not one but two planets would be found beyond Neptune. The new body may be one of them. The first discovered (at Lowell's old observatory) does not fulfil all the conditions expected of it, especially as regards size.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 10

1930

Poor Dumb Things

This is called Animal Welfare Week, as every week is with the C.N.

WE are glad to know that some of the British societies which exist to foster kind treatment of animals are approaching the Government in the hope that it will prompt the League of Nations to include animal life within its care.

There are great differences in the treatment of animals in countries that are generally supposed to be civilised.

In some countries it seems as if the subject had scarcely been thought of, and certainly there has been no attempt to organise the sense of kindness. Thoughtless custom rules. Cruelty is not seen in all its ugliness and wrong. It has been so in England; it is so still in our hunting-fields. But here, as in several of the Northern nations, the instinct of kindness has been increasingly developed, and includes animal life to the enrichment of the human spirit.

It is one of the widest concerns of mankind that the whole human race should regard animal life with appreciative sympathy. A genuine understanding between men and animals is educative both ways. It enlarges animal happiness and it brings to the spirit of man a sensitiveness which makes him more considerate for his fellows. It gives freer play to that law of love on which all human progress ultimately depends.

The League of Nations is happily concerning itself with human welfare in many ways. It is helping poor nations to grapple with their poverty. It is helping ignorant nations to combat disease. It is shielding nations from each other's vices, as in the checking of the traffic in dangerous drugs. It is trying to make nations useful to each other. It is spreading beneficent knowledge from land to land by an exchange of knowledge between them. It is softening the hearts of many by friendly intercourse, so that trust drives out suspicion. It is building-up fair peace on the hideous ruins of war.

Why, then, it may well be asked, should the League not take animal life, so largely dependent on man, under the shelter of its generous wing?

Especially why should the League not conduct an effective inquiry into the painful question of the ill-treatment of old horses? It has done much in a thousand ways and has won the admiration of all who understand it. By extending a feeling of mercy toward all our dumb neighbours in the world the League may win for itself a new place in the affections of all mankind.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Emotion Time

WE cannot kindle when we will

The fire which in the heart resides, said Matthew Arnold. But apparently a very small boy can. "I must go now," he said; "it is time to have my emotion."

Here, it seemed, was one who, though only a few years old, could produce powerful feelings in himself more easily than a Burns or a Byron. He could undertake to experience rapture at a certain time of day as if he were undertaking to wind the clock. What poems and dramas he will be writing in fifteen years or so!

So we thought, and then came the horrible truth that the young man was referring to cod-liver oil emulsion!

The Children's Tree

O children, come with me to a strand beside the sea,
Where, standing in the midst of the plantations,
There blows a glorious tree with branches fair and free,
Whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

No bird that perches there will ever know a snare,
No beast will pace its shade in tribulation;
Set free from all that pains, from cage and trap and reins,
They enter into joy in the plantation.
O children, take my hand, and we'll find the peaceful strand,
And, dancing in the green of the plantation,
We'll pluck the fadeless leaf to banish War and Grief,
And heal the wounds of every stricken nation.

C. B. L. Haslewood

Three Boys and Two Birches

IT is to be feared that Martin, Mac, and Murdo regarded their uncle from India as rather a prosy person when he suggested a competition.

He said that if each boy would write down what he considered the best way of laying out three and sixpence he would award that sum for the soundest suggestion.

Mac happened to want some ammunition for his air-gun, so he put that down. Martin wanted to see a certain film fellow again, and wrote down that he would like a ticket for a picture show and his fare thereto. Murdo, being a gardener, would very much like a couple of silver birch trees at one and ninepence each.

Uncle, being modern, relaxed, and gave each boy three and sixpence. Mac got his ammunition (but it is all gone now), Martin went to his show (and has forgotten it already); but the silver birches spring graceful and slender in Murdo's garden, and the boy knows that even if it is three years till Uncle gets leave again from the East the birches will wait for him, and that he may even return to find the trees in green and silver array.

If Sir Walter Came Back

WE had been reading the new Life of the Great Sir Walter, and one of us said: "If Scott could only come back what would he first like to see? Aeroplanes, perhaps. What a novel he could write about a Knight of the Air!"

But the other thought the very first thing he would do would be to hasten to Abbotsford to see the trees he so lovingly planted high and splendid and bounteous, and all clothed with the light colours of spring! And he would say, would he not,

How they have got on!

Tip-Cat

SOMEBODY has started a Forgiveness Week. We suggest it should be every week.

WE hear of a lift that has not been out of order for two months. We wonder who made it.

CUSTOMS Notice at Victoria:

Dogs, motor-cars, and motor-cycles must be produced.

We generally hide our Baby Austin in the Rolls.

A SWEEPING assertion: Spring cleaning starts.

A FORFEIT of £1 for every untrue statement



was proposed at a debate in Barnsley. Certain newspapers, please copy.

MR LLOYD GEORGE says Parliament has to carry more than ever before. And rarely carries it unanimously.

ONE of the troubles is that Italy wishes to have the right to wish for as many ships as France wishes for.

FROM the paper with the biggest circulation:

The Duke of York drove his own car all the way from London to Windsor. It seems very wonderful.

I Know Not

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

John Greenleaf Whittier

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE choirboys of St. Mary's in Somers Town have raised £1000 for a choir school for slum children.

TWENTY-NINE County Councils have now adopted a modern byelaw protecting wild flowers.

THE German gun at Holt in Norfolk is to be sold as scrap-iron.

AN old Cambridge graduate has left about £250,000 to his university.

Brother Rabbit

The steel-toothed rabbit trap is still being used in many parts of the country, although a humane trap is provided by the R.S.P.C.A.

SOME of us live in towns, where dreams

Are not tormented by the screams
Of little tortured rabbits lying
In steely-toothed jaws, slowly
dying.

BUT there, upon some far-off green,
Caught between iron jaws unseen,
A little rabbit cries that he
Is gripped in endless agony.

BENEATH the Moon it was so good
To creep out of the darkened wood,
To nibble dewy grass, and see
The Earth in moonlit ecstasy.

PERHAPS he stole (a rabbit will);
But should a steel trap
therefore kill
And torture him in such a way,
Life lingering on till break of day?

OH People! can your hearts not feel
More mercy than these jaws of steel?

Must Brother Rabbit's parting breath
End in a scream of living death?

DOWN in a distant country lane
Once more I hear that cry
of pain.

But you in pillowed peace you lie
While little rabbits slowly die

Then Came the Bill

By Our Country Girl

MR BINNS is the odd-job man. He is a Cockney, and, like most Cockneys, he is clever and plucky. He can mend or make nearly anything from a burst pipe to a fitted wardrobe. Sometimes, however, he cannot come when you send for him.

"Gas again," says his wife. Mr Binns was gassed in the war, and when the attacks come on he simply has to stay in bed. Mr Binns has war medals. He ought to have a peace medal.

It is a queer thing that the war books are so full of bitterness while Mr Binns and his kind are so full of sweetness. His health has been ruined, but not his temper. He still believes it is a good world, and laughs at the mistakes that happen in it.

Goodness? Why, the world is full of it! When his wife was taken bad, and the doctor wouldn't be responsible, she was driven to Queen Charlotte's Hospital. It was war-time, and the world was short of doctors, but a great specialist sat by the bed of the Cockney soldier's wife for eleven hours.

"And I sat down in the waiting-room," says Mr Binns. "I shan't forget that leave. The nurses were very good to us both. What with the specialist and the nurses they pulled her through. Then the bill came."

We pictured part of the little home being sold up, but Mr Binns added: It was five shillings.

Yes, it is a good world, in places.

May 10, 1930

GREAT SWIM TO A WIRELESS STATION

GEORGES BARBERIS AND HIS WONDERFUL STORY

How a Young Soldier Saved His Comrades on the Rocks MISSING THE SHARKS

Georges Barberis is home from Tonking after finishing his military service. There have been great rejoicings in the little French town of Oyonnax, where his mother and six brothers and sisters wept for joy on meeting him again.

And who is Georges Barberis? Let us see. His story is a year or two old, but it has not been fully told and it should ring around the world again.

It was a beautiful evening in June, 1928, when the Sun was slowly disappearing below the horizon, that the French mail steamer Cap Lay glided away from her moorings in the old port of Marseilles on her voyage to the Far East, never, alas! to return.

The quay was crowded with parents and friends who had come to say good-bye to the 400 passengers and 150 young soldiers on board.

All Going Well

A few days later the Cap Lay passed through the Suez Canal and entered the Red Sea, and in due course she was steering toward the island of Ceylon.

Passengers and soldiers were enjoying themselves, for everything was going well. Soon they would be able to discern the profile of Cochin China with its low and gloomy coastline, and farther on the more hospitable coast of Annam.

When the Cap Lay steamed into the Bay of Along, with its treacherous needle-pointed rocks and small islands, it was blowing a hurricane. Then there was a shock which made the ship tremble from stem to stern. Passengers and soldiers rushed on deck in consternation, while huge waves swept over the vessel. The wind grew more furious, and a voice from the bridge commanded everybody to quit the deck at once. "It's nothing," shouted the voice; "keep your heads, and no panic."

On the Rocks

But scarcely had the decks been cleared of passengers and soldiers than a stoker came hurrying up with the news that the sea had invaded the stoke-hole and the engine-room was being flooded. Then came another terrific shock. The electric supply gave out and all was dark. The wind seemed to howl more fiercely and huge seas swept the ship. She had struck the rocks.

Everybody now came hurrying on deck; some scantily clad and all wet through. Among them was a young soldier, a lad with a spirit of adventure. He was Georges Barberis, who had been accepted as a recruit for the French colonial army. He it was who discovered through the darkness the reef on which the vessel had struck. Plunging into the sea he succeeded in getting a footing. A rope was thrown to him, which he was able to seize and fasten, and in a minute several of the crew were able to scramble on the reef.

The Work of Rescue

The work of rescue now began. One by one the passengers were hauled to safety, but not without mishap, for as the rope tightened and slackened with the heaving of the ship there was great risk of being crushed.

Barberis took an active part in the difficult work of rescue and saved from drowning the lieutenant of his company. Finally the captain of the Cap Lay was hauled to safety from the ship, which was by this time shattered in three pieces by the explosion of the boilers and the battering of the sea, and was rapidly disappearing below the waves. Forty-three souls perished in that dire catastrophe.

At dawn in that early June morning the captain sat on the rocks weeping,

WHALES AND THE LEAGUE

NINE League Committees met in April, dealing with questions of women, children, drugs, whales, Latin languages, intellectual cooperation, foreign professors, arbitration and security, and ratification of international agreements; surely a list long and varied enough to provide something of interest for every taste, and to testify once more to the usefulness of the League of Nations.

Whales seem to form the most original theme, and experts were called together to propose steps to be taken for international protection of the whaling industry. In 1927 the Assembly invited the Economic Committee to consider "whether and in what terms, for what

species and in what waters, it might be possible to take measures for the international protection of marine fauna."

Inquiries were accordingly made, and it was found that the preservation of whales was the most urgent need. The mechanical means of killing which replaced the hand-flung harpoon has resulted in great waste of whale life, and a shortage of oil and blubber, to say nothing of bone, is threatened. The experts will have the advice of the International Council for the Exploration of the Seas, whose headquarters are at Copenhagen, to aid them, and their final proposals will be placed before the Governments.

RIDING THROUGH THE TOWN



A remarkable sight may sometimes be witnessed in the streets of Amptill, when the two children of the head keeper at a private zoo go riding on llamas, as shown here.

Continued from the previous column

and the pilot at his side, thinking of what was best to do, said to him: "Perhaps a good swimmer might be able to reach the coast and signal to the nearest wireless station." But this was five miles away and the sea was in fury. What was to be done?

"It is all the more terrible as the storm shows no signs of abating," said one of the officers.

The little colonial soldier was listening, and he ventured to say that he would try to make the swim!

"And what about the sharks, Barberis?" queried the captain.

"There's nothing to fear from them; with these huge waves they keep down deep," said the pilot.

"Then I'm going," said Barberis.

With the help of a rope he was lowered into the sea, and a big wave carried him off. He swam valiantly in the right direction, but could not withstand the raging waves, which flung him against another rock and wounded him. Yet he pushed farther out and kept bravely on for five

hours till he saw a small beach and made for it. It was deserted.

Out again he went toward another beach, which he reached after another five hours. By this time he was swimming automatically, beyond feeling strain or pain. At sunset he reached the farthest beach and saw Chinese fishermen with lights in their boats. For another quarter of an hour the astounded fishermen stared at him as if he were the Old Man of the Sea, and drove him from their boats. At last, with a desperate effort, he managed to pull himself on board one of the boats and saw, lying in the bottom of the vessel, a fishing-licence stamped with the name of the wireless station he was seeking.

At four o'clock in the morning the fishing-boat landed him in the arms of the wireless officer at Cap-Bat, too spent to give his message. Revived by the wireless officer, he told of his comrades in their peril and gave their position. Boats were sent out to them, and by two in the afternoon all the anxious castaways were rescued.

THE ABUSE OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES

EVIL ON THE RATES

Responsibility of Members of Library Committees

A GRAVE PROBLEM

The C.N. has always been an ardent advocate of the extension of Free Libraries everywhere, and it rejoices in the progress the movement has made and is likely to make; but in the interests of public morality and social decency it has pleaded for a keener sense of responsibility than is now sometimes displayed by the Library authorities.

The Public Library has become a very serious factor in moulding the ideas and tastes of the people; and while this is coming to pass, unfortunately there has been a marked deterioration in the tone of much of our popular literature, particularly fiction.

The Lowest Level

It has become in some instances vulgar down to the lowest level. It has pictured life in its grossest forms, without restraint. It has done this without any mixture of nobler aims or more decent manners. The language has been of the kind which, if used on a holiday coach with a mixed company, would be stopped as intolerable and even beyond the bounds of the law.

Yet this kind of obscenity is being widely circulated through family circles by many of our Public Libraries. These books are praised by some critics, who care more about a sham liberty than for real obscenity. They are sought for by coarse-minded people because of their grossness, and are lent round from house to house at the public expense. Coarseness and filth are put on the rates.

The Dirty Writer's Hope

The C.N. appeals to its responsible readers, who have a care for public decency and morality, to consider whether this should be allowed to continue.

We believe that the libraries which have sent out such books have done so at first a little carelessly, or because there is no adequate system of supervision of the books bought and circulated in response to a public demand for them. But we suggest that *public demand is no adequate reason for Public Libraries making themselves the ally of every obscene scribbler who wants to make money out of filth.*

It happens that the library circulation of books has now become so great that it is often enough to justify the writing of a book for which a demand can be created. So it happens that the libraries are the great hope and stay of dirty writers.

Poisoning the Mind

The censorship of books is a big and difficult question when it touches the strangulation of honest opinion, but it is simple when it concerns an outrage on public manners, on clean minds, on public morality, and on ideas which sensitive millions regard as sacred. The C.N. believes that the newspapers ought, through their critics, to speak the truth about such books, or, better still, to refuse to notice them at all. The Public Libraries ought to be so staffed or served by competent readers that they can test all books of fiction before they buy them, and so be safeguarded against distilling insidious poisons into the minds and manners of readers who trust them; and all decent citizens ought to protest against the profiteering in filth which has begun to show itself in our literature and threatens to libel our age by ranking it with the obscene period of the Restoration.

THE MOST EVENTFUL REIGN IN THE HISTORY OF KINGS

This week has completed the twentieth year of the reign of George the Fifth, the most impressive reign of any monarch (King, Pharaoh, Caesar, Emperor) in the history of races and nations. Most of those

who are still young know little of the beginnings of King George, the most representative ruler in Europe and the most typical Englishman of his day. Let us look at his boyhood, his manhood, and his share in history.

NO twenty years in the whole story of these islands have been more eventful and important than the twenty years of King George's reign, and no monarch has ever won more completely the trust and loyalty of his people. He has been an ideal king, and the close of the second decade of his reign is a suitable time for saying so—and for reviewing his reign to prove it.

The second son and child of King Edward the Seventh and Queen Alexandra, he was trained for the Navy until he was 26. He had risen to be a commander when his elder brother died and left him heir to the throne. His interest in the Navy has remained strong. King Edward had suffered under galling restraint from Queen Victoria far on into his manhood, and he was careful to make no such mistake with his own children.

In the Navy

ONE of the best features of the last two reigns has been the wisdom with which the children of the royal house have been prepared for the fulfilment of their national duties. They have been allowed to gather much personal knowledge of the world with reasonable freedom. They have been trained to understand and perform the services of constitutional monarchy; and the result is that never before has the Royal Family as a whole been so closely in touch with the national life, so obviously useful, so respected, and so universally popular.

It is worth while to note how extensive has been the King's knowledge of the world through travel. He was born on June 3, 1865. When he was 14 he went with his brother as a midshipman in a warship to the West Indies, and in the next two years they travelled round the world—to South America, South Africa, Australia, the Fiji Islands, Japan, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, and Greece. Separating from his brother he served as a sub-lieutenant on the North American and West Indies station. After taking the course of training at the Royal Naval College he served as a lieutenant on battleships in the Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons. When he was 24 he was in command of a torpedo boat, and at 25 was in command of a gunboat on the West Indies station. The next year his brother died and Prince George, as eventual heir to the throne, left the Navy and was created Duke of York.

An Ideal Queen

ON July 6, 1893, he married Princess Mary of Teck, who has been ideal as an English Queen and as mother of a royal family. In 1901 (King Edward having now begun to reign) the Duke of York and Princess Mary sailed round the world and visited the British overseas Dominions, opening in the course of their journey the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth. On his return the Duke was created Prince of Wales. He visited India in 1905 and Canada again in 1908. After his succession to the throne on the death of King Edward in 1910, the King, with the Queen, paid a great ceremonial visit to India and met the Indian princes at a gorgeous Durbar in Delhi, which was once again the Indian capital.

No royal personage since the world began had ever seen so much of the world as King George, and it has been his settled policy that his heir should have at least an equal knowledge of the wonderful Commonwealth of nations and dependencies that form the British Empire. He had, too, the example and advice of a father who was a genuine statesman, with a profound understanding of the growth of constitutional government throughout that Empire.

Much need was there for such experience and training, for a time of great stress and danger was at hand. Indeed at the very moment when King George succeeded King Edward the British Constitution was being greatly modified by changes in the balance of power between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. The power of the House of Lords to say No to the action of the House of Commons was greatly reduced, the power of the Peers being confined to a short period of delay.

Also there was a strong movement for greatly increasing the number of voters by giving women the vote. The splendid part taken later by women when the nation was plunged into the greatest war the world has ever known led finally to womanhood attaining as complete a citizenship as manhood. It was once for all admitted that their stake in the country is as great as that of men. That, with the addition of greater power to the House of Commons compared with the House of Lords, made Great Britain a complete democracy; a political event that will for ever distinguish the reign of George the Fifth.

The War Clouds

THROUGH these early years of King George's reign storm clouds were gathering over Europe. It was gradually becoming an armed camp of watchful and jealous nations. All eyes were turned toward the growing power of the German Empire. For nearly fifty years the vigorous German race had been consolidating itself by war. By war it had thrust its Austrian neighbours out of Germany, and by war it had prostrated France and seized and absorbed two French provinces. It had annexed large areas of uncivilised Africa. It had built up the most powerful army the world had ever known, and it was building steadily a navy strong enough to challenge the fleet with which the world-wide British Commonwealth was defended. It had grown rich by prosperous trade. And it had made a close alliance with Austria and a conditional alliance with Italy, and German officers had trained the Turkish Army.

War was in the air. The world felt instinctively that Germany was ready to strike, and that she would not hesitate to do so when an opportunity came for her to realise her wider ambitions. The nations that seemed most likely to suffer drew together in self-defence. Russia and France entered into a close alliance, and Great Britain, without announcing it to the world, entered into a conditional understanding that she would join in resisting aggressive action if Germany attempted to make good the ambition expressed in her national song, "Germany over all." Except Great Britain and the United States of America every great nation had established a system of conscription, by which every man might in case of war be called upon to serve in the army. The British Army remained quite small, but it was finely trained, and the Navy was constantly increased. The world was waiting for a war without realising how terrible such a war would be, and it was brought nearer by braggart speeches from the theatrical German Emperor.

The Storm Bursts

WHILE this was going on there was a general movement toward closer union between the component parts of the British Dominions. The Mother Country frankly acknowledged the full individuality of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa as self-governing Commonwealths, and they assured her of their loyalty under the Crown. Ireland was still disunited, and

was regarded abroad as a source of serious weakness.

Then, suddenly, in August 1914, the storm burst into the hurricane of war. Germany invaded France through neutral Belgium, which Great Britain (and Germany also) was pledged to protect. To the vast mass of the British people the war appeared a duty of resistance to wanton aggression, and all the Dominions beyond the seas gave the Homeland an ungrudging support. Eventually Turkey and Bulgaria sided with the Germans and Austrians, and eventually Italy, Serbia, Rumania, the Arab populations, Portugal, Japan, and at last America were ranged on the side of Great Britain, France, and Belgium, while Russia, after suffering terrible losses, fell out of the war through the outbreak of the revolution.

Ten Million Dead

WHEN the war was at its height Great Britain had in the field, in various parts of the world, five million men. To a large extent the cost of the war, in money, fell on Great Britain, because she made herself responsible for the debts of her less wealthy allies, and in consequence she is still burdened by an enormous war debt, and will be for many years.

The war disclosed, in all the nations concerned, an amazing capacity for self-sacrifice. The energies of all were bent on victory. The dead numbered ten millions. The war became a contest in sheer endurance. The British fleet blockaded Germany, and cut her off from the greater part of the world till her people were deprived of many necessities, and when the tide of victory turned against her, and the resistance of her allies crumbled, she was compelled to admit defeat.

Germany, Austria, and Russia renounced the military Governments that had led them into war and became Republics. Russia lost her Baltic provinces; Turkey lost her Arab and Syrian populations; Austria was dismembered and remains a small Republic, her subject populations being grouped afresh; Germany returned to France the provinces she had seized nearly 50 years before, and lost all her possessions beyond the seas; and the maps of Europe, Africa, and Western Asia had to be redrawn.

Founding the League

FROM this period of change, when so much was shaken into ruins, the British Empire emerged firm as a rock. Former differences were set aside. Party strife died down. All parties were represented in the War Cabinets. The country faced the dangers of war with a unity of spirit surpassing all former experiences. Men were banded together by a new sense of brotherhood. And through all this period there was a feeling that the King was one with his people. He shared their anxieties and duties and self-denials, and won a personal regard that has grown through the years and showed itself in deeply impressive forms at a later time when illness endangered his life.

The end of the war left Europe face to face with its old difficulties. Exhausted and disillusioned, bereft of a generation of its finest sons, it had to talk over in sadness the problems it had neglected to discuss when, before the war, it was bursting with military pride and insolence. One thing it had learned. It knew now the horror, madness, and utter waste of war. It was face to face with the grim fact that another war would leave Europe a melancholy ruin with civilisation played out.

The reign of George the Fifth will

stand in our country's history as the time when the nations first came together in the League of Nations. In the Treaty to wind up the war, dictated at Versailles, more than fifty nations joined the League for the prevention of future wars. Very strangely, America stood apart after suggesting the creation of the League; but this wonderful League and all the Peace work gathered round it mark a notable stage in human progress. They brand war with shame. They claim that the conduct of nations toward each other shall be ruled by reason and law and not by passion and greed. It is a mighty and gracious innovation.

New Hope For the World

THE League of Nations is a League of helpfulness. It gives the protection of the leagued world to the small nations. If any powerful nation should seek to treat a weaker one with aggression it brings the offender to the bar of the world's justice. Also by its Mandates it places lands incapable of sound self-government under the supervision of a helpful Power, and supervises the supervisor. It thinks internationally. It tries to level-up the inequalities of knowledge between nations and their neighbours, so that no land (as in the case of health conditions) shall injure another land by its ignorance. It hopes to equalise the rewards of labour, so that the oppressed workers of one country shall not undersell the justly rewarded workers in another country. This tide of League helpfulness, following the revolt against war, causes many millions of thoughtful people to rejoice that they are living in an era that is so full of hope.

The eventfulness and importance of the last twenty years is also seen—and seen more easily and popularly—in the wonderful advances in science that have stimulated popular knowledge and brightened daily life. The most marvellous gains are those of speed—speed in communication through wireless, and speed for ourselves through the air, if we care for it. Also the facility of locomotion by road has become of historical significance. We, in this reign, are the first people to sit by our firesides and listen to what is going on all over the world. There we can have instruction direct from the men who lead the nation. We can hear the world's music.

Our Leading Englishman

IF we are not wiser it is our own fault, or because we do not think enough on our own account. If we wish to see our own country, the means for doing so are ample and reasonably cheap. We would fain think that more and more people are beginning to love their native land afresh for what they have seen of her, be she England or Scotland, Wales or Ireland; that appreciation of her beauty is heightened; that interest in her history is extended; that care for the preservation of her national individuality is quickened.

Ours has been a glorious land in which to have lived during these twenty years of the reign of good King George. She has nobly upheld her repute in the eyes of the world, through stress and sorrow and triumph. She has done her full share, and more than her full share, in striving that justice and human helpfulness shall reign on Earth and that wrongs shall be abated; and through it all King George has proved himself our leading Englishman, characteristic of all that is best in our race. It has been a blessing that he has lived to see his twenty years completed. We pray that he may long be with us all. God Save the King!

May 10, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

9

FARTHEST FROM THE SUN

What of the New World?

IS IT THE RIGHT ONE AFTER ALL?

Nature beyond Neptune does not easily render up her secrets. The new world announced by the astronomers not long ago is still puzzling them.

Its presence beyond Neptune, so long the most distant planet known, was long foretold, and its discovery was rightly hailed as a triumph of astronomical calculation. But it is not quite the sort of heavenly body that was expected.

It does not appear to move as the promised planet should, and is not so large as it might have been. The latest announcements of the Harvard and Californian astronomers, who have enjoyed the best opportunities of following its movements in the skies, imagine it to be no larger than the Earth.

Problems Still Unsettled

It is also said by Dr Howard Shapley, the Harvard astronomer whose opinions carry most weight, that its distance is 1000 million miles beyond Neptune. Dr Jackson at Greenwich Observatory, with fewer materials for calculation, had put the distance at 800 million miles; but at either of these immense distances (the smaller being nearly ten times the distance between the Earth and the Sun) it is extremely difficult to arrive at the speed at which this strange heavenly body is travelling or the direction it is taking.

It may be moving in an orbit nearly circular, like that of Neptune itself, but 1000 million miles farther out, or its path may be so different as to suggest that it is not the expected planet at all. On the other hand, it may verify the supposition that it is one of two planets which some astronomers predicted in those outer confines of the Solar System.

It may be a very long time indeed before these questions are settled.

ZIMBABWE

Famous Mystery Ruins in London

Zimbabwe has come to the British Museum.

All may go to see for themselves the fragments and relics drawn from these ruins in Northern Rhodesia, which are so astonishing and unexpected a sight in that place and have aroused the fiercest controversy as to their origin.

They have been associated in popular belief with King Solomon's mines, and their earliest explorer confidently attributed their origin to the builders of a race centuries before Christ. Other investigators failed to confirm these views, and though nobody could maintain that the native races of Rhodesia in those parts had the skill to build them, it was at first asserted that they were not earlier than the first settlers in Africa from Portugal.

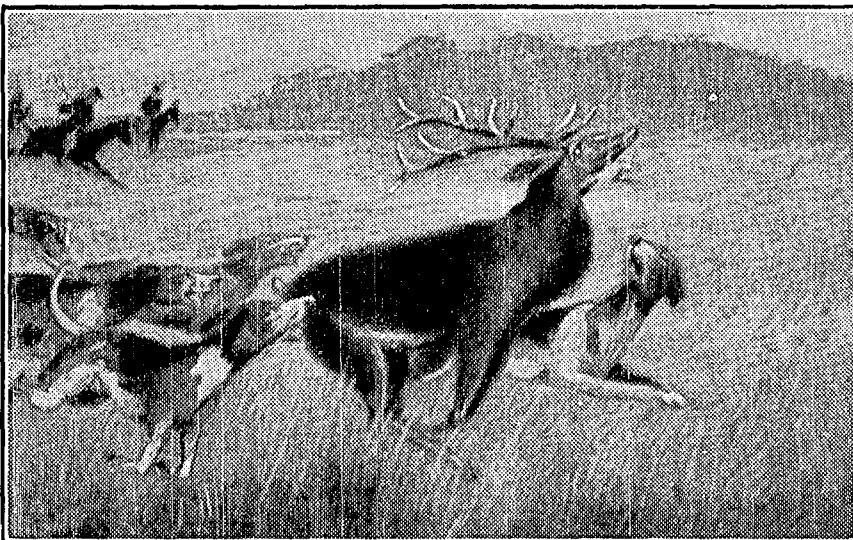
As the result of the latest investigations the date has been pushed farther back, and it is now more or less generally asserted that they must have been built somewhere between 800 and 1200 A.D., between the times of the good King Alfred and the wretched King John in England.

Apart from the problems they present, the collection of pottery, strange statues of birds in soapstone, and other sculptures of animals and men is strange and sometimes beautiful.

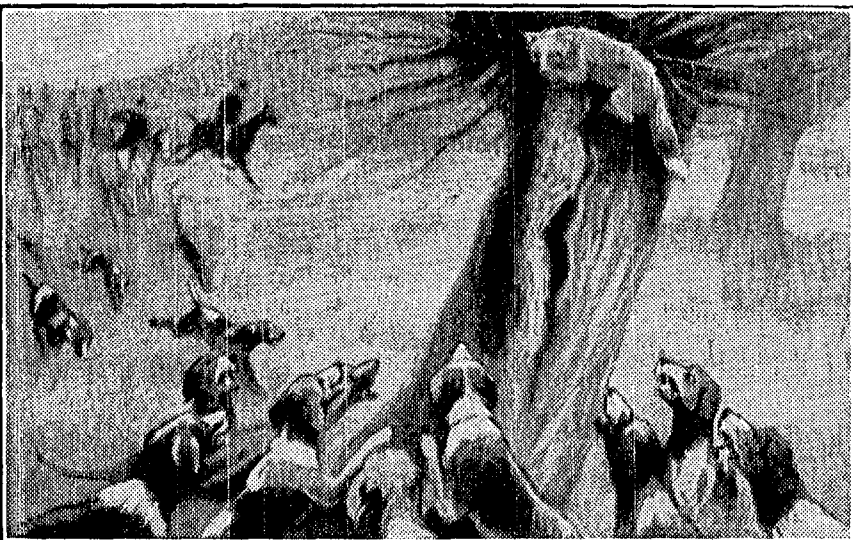
To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher to use the Humane Killer

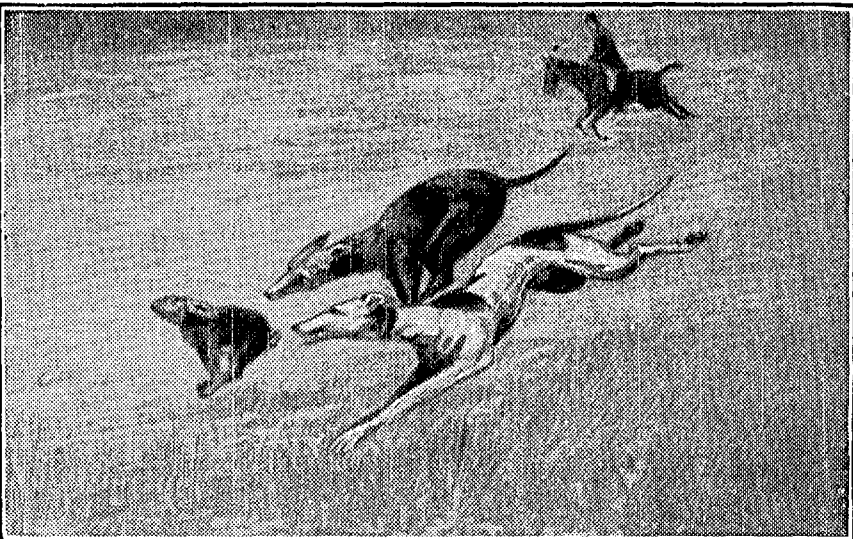
THE CRY OF THE POOR DUMB THINGS



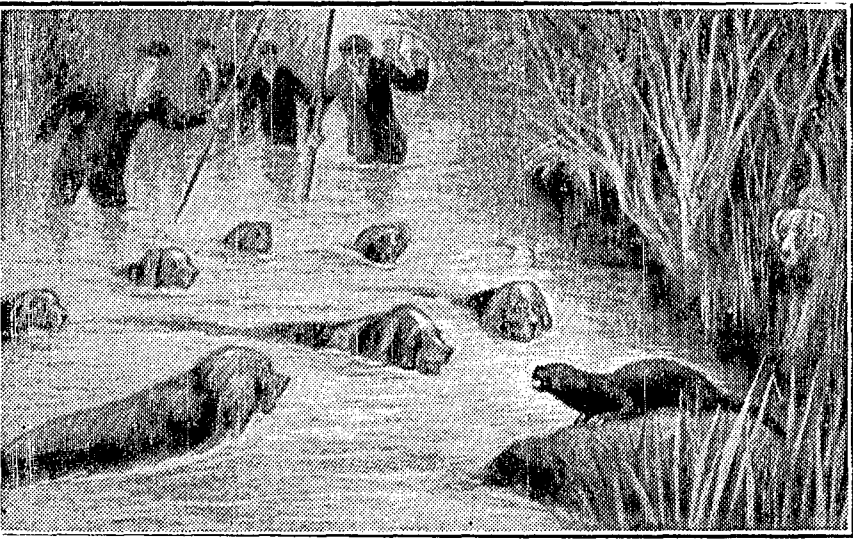
The Stag



The Fox



The Hare



The Otter

This is Animal Welfare Week, as every week is with the C.N. Side by side with Civilisation, Barbarism lingers still. There are still, even in England, hearts untouched by pity for the pain of hunted things, still those who seek their pleasures in inflicting suffering on the helpless. Who is not ashamed of these four scenes so common in our countryside?

SAILING IN THE AIR

Pioneering as a Popular Pastime

GLIDER FLIGHT ACROSS AMERICA

The aeroplane had to wait for many years for the petrol motor, but the pioneers of a quarter of a century and more ago were probing the secrets of the air in gliders.

Now, with the knowledge gained in the air with power-driven aeroplanes, men are again turning their attention to gliders, and all over Britain gliding clubs are being formed. Gliding, in fact, is likely to be a most popular summer pastime this year.

Wonderful flights of several hours' duration have been made in these engineless aeroplanes by taking advantage of favourable wind currents over hilly country, and now an offer of £1000 has been made to the pilot of the first all-British glider to cross the English Channel. To accomplish such a flight it will probably be necessary to attain a great height on favourable air currents over land, and then to turn seawards, taking advantage of the steady sea breeze to maintain height or prevent a too rapid descent.

It is quite possible that, when we have become more familiar with air conditions, glider flights between definite places will be the rule. Meanwhile in America a flying-man has towed a glider behind his aeroplane across the continent, making the journey according to a previously arranged schedule in eight days.

Shall we have in future aerial tugs with strings of barges in tow winging their way from continent to continent with the world's commerce?

IS BOX HILL TO LOSE ITS BEAUTY?

When is This Thing Going to End?

Box Hill was a beauty spot before it was spotted with bungalows. These bungalows have broken out like a rash over that pleasant Surrey prospect. Some have a distant resemblance to the wooden bungalows familiar to our eyes. Others are old railway carriages, obsolete trams, caravans, discarded buses, anything that will put a roof over the bungalow dweller's head.

The bungalow does not dwell in it all the week, but comes from Saturday to Monday to disperse himself over the landscape, often dumping his rubbish in a common heap and leaving it behind.

The more permanent residents at Box Hill are aghast, but beyond a refusal to pay their rates they can do nothing. The local council seems unable to do anything. The bungalows, the bungalowers, the litter louts, are not a public nuisance within the meaning of the Act.

What a situation for a great country!

MR GLADSTONE'S PAPERS

The papers of Mr Gladstone, four times Prime Minister in the Victorian era, are to be preserved in the British Museum as the property of the nation.

Several lorries will be needed to remove them from Hawarden to London.

Bound together the documents form nearly 600 volumes, containing about a quarter of a million letters and documents. In 108 boxes are 30,000 letters from 10,000 correspondents, and in 23 volumes are 26,000 letters to over 4000 correspondents. Among the more personal letters are 230 volumes with nearly 50,000 letters from 2000 people.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR TEETH

They Will Not Care for Themselves

If the coming generation of boys and girls does not have better teeth than their parents it will not be for want of being told how to take care of them.

In the C.N. they were told a few weeks ago what Mrs Mellanby, who has been studying teeth for eleven years at Sheffield University, has to advise. One of the great discoveries of the twentieth century is that food, in order to nourish, must contain certain quantities of substances which their first discoverers called vitamins.

They are now more often called accessory food factors, the meaning of which is evident. They are additions, often microscopic, to food, or accessories to it, which the food ought to have. One of them, first called Vitamin D, is found in such things as butter and cod-liver oil. It was found to be very valuable in preventing rickets in growing children. In other words, it helped the body of the growing child to build the right sort of bone out of the food it ate.

Food and Growth

Mrs Mellanby declares that the same sort of accessory food factor is necessary to the growing boy or girl in order that their teeth may be protected from the disease of caries, which causes decay.

There is a very valuable truth in what Mrs Mellanby and her fellow-workers have found and declared. The food we eat has a tremendous influence on growth, especially on the growth of young people, and it may well be that Vitamin D is the accessory to food necessary for the enamel of teeth.

Such a discovery is no more surprising than that fresh food is needed to ward off scurvy, or that the husks of rice grains are necessary for the nourishment of rice-eating peoples.

Doubts About Vitamin D

The only question is whether Vitamin D tells the whole story. If food containing it is taken will the life and integrity of the teeth be ensured? A learned authority on teeth who writes to the C.N. from the British Dental Hospital is not sure.

There are, as he says, several causes of decay in teeth.

Teeth are protected by enamel and while that lasts there can be no decay, or caries. Caries is produced by bacteria which gain a footing in crevices of the cracked enamel. How do the cracks come? The explanation most of the leaders of the dental profession in England accept is that some sorts of foods, sugars and starches especially, lodge in and about the teeth and produce acids which destroy the enamel.

Medical Officers and Mothers

The remedies which the Council of the Society of Medical Officers agreed upon for this evil were, firstly, to give foods from early childhood onward which should make the growing boy and girl *chew*; and, secondly, to *cleanse* the teeth after eating. Fruit is a cleansing food.

These recommendations are very like those which good mothers have always made to their boys and girls (especially boys) to "keep their teeth clean." But it is not certain that this is all the mystery. Sometimes in spite of all precautions the enamel of the teeth will go, whatever steps are taken. In health the enamel hardens as we grow older. This hardening is due to the laying down on the teeth of lime salts which are taken from the body's store of calcium.

If anything in the body's balance tends to upset this exchange of calcium, in either mother or child, the enamel goes, the teeth decay. It may be that Mrs Mellanby's discovery will point the way to keeping the balance.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK

The Wonderful Florence Nightingale

May 15, 1820, Florence Nightingale was born.

No Englishwoman has left a deeper impression on the mind and the heart of the nation than Florence Nightingale. Her life's work came from a sensitive heart acting through a singularly clear brain. As a reformer of our hospital system she helped to ease the pain of suffering millions.

She was named Florence because she was born in the city of Florence. Her father was a Derbyshire gentleman with one estate at Lea Hurst to the eastward of Cromford and another in Hampshire. In her girlhood she had the advantages of ample means and a sound education.



Florence Nightingale

Her life was mapped out by herself quite early, and her plan was followed faithfully through many years. Care for the suffering was the impulse that inspired it. She began, when she was quite a girl, by attending an injured shepherd dog, and then passed on to study how to relieve the pain of suffering people. Her thoughts, even in those early days, were far ahead of the ways of the ordinary doctors. She saw that fresh air, cleanliness, and good nursing were the simple means of recovery from many diseases, and she determined to devote her life to the study of nursing.

For ten years after she was grown up she studied methods of preserving and restoring health in all kinds of public institutions, such as reformatories, workhouses, sanatoriums, and hospitals, both in England and abroad. Finding that England was then very backward in its sanitary and nursing methods she underwent a thorough training in the best hospitals of Germany and France.

In the Crimea

A proof of how backward we were, as a country, in caring for the people's health came in 1854, when the Crimean War broke out between Russia on the one side and Turkey, England, and France on the other side. The British army left for the Black Sea, amid great demonstrations of pride, after nearly 40 years of European peace. But that pride turned into shame and grief when, our men having fought bravely and victoriously, it was found that the wounded and the sick were being disgracefully neglected. Far more were dying in the hospitals than on the battlefields. There was no proper nursing at all. Out of every hundred men sent into the hospitals 42 died.

Then came Florence Nightingale's opportunity of using her knowledge and training. She wrote to the British War Minister, whom she knew, offering to go out and take charge of the nursing at the hospital base. By the same post he had written to her asking her to go. The letters crossed. Quickly she organised a staff of 37 nurses for war service, and what she and her staff of nurses did is one of the most splendid records in the history of our country. In a few months the hospital death-rate had fallen from 42 per cent to 2 per cent.

The Lady of the Lamp

The work Florence Nightingale herself did was amazing. Often she was on her feet twenty hours out of the twenty-four, moving round the wards quietly to see if any of the patients needed anything in the night. Everybody loved her. The soldiers called her The Lady of the Lamp, and some kissed her shadow as it passed.

As an organiser she was as clever and remained at her work till the hospital broke up after the war ended. But her health was undermined, and though she lived to be 90 she was never strong again. She died on August 13, 1910, and no woman has deserved or received wider honour.

ENGLAND'S GATEWAY

A River and Its History

The Medway River and Valley. Written and illustrated by William Coles Finch. (C. W. Daniel. 10s. 6d.)

At the beginning of the history of England stands the Medway.

If some of the island's invaders struck first at its southern coasts others, perhaps earlier, came across the North Sea from the fighting tribes of Scandinavia or Jutland to attack Britain through the Medway, the watergate of the Thames.

Mr Coles Finch, to whom the Medway and its valley are a home, pictures invaders earlier even than these barbarian hordes who scared the pleasant land with fire and sword. Whence came the Galley Hill man, and those who chipped colithic flints for weapons and implements in the valleys of Kent rivers? Who can tell? But it must have been by the forests of the Medway that they lit their first fires when they reached the green island.

Some Ancient Inhabitants

They cannot have been native to England. They came and went across the sea. But there were other British inhabitants, not human kind at all, who dwelled by the Medway when Britain was not an island but was joined to Europe—and the Thames flowed the other way. These were the iguanodon and the *folesiosaurus*, who came and went in the Medway Valley before man was born; and after them, when glacial periods had also come and gone and continents had shifted, followed tigers and the straight-tusked elephants in herds.

If Mr Finch could assist us through a combined time machine and kinematograph to follow the history of the Medway Valley through all its changes, what a moving picture we should behold, as in the course of the ages the marsh where the saurians wallowed became transformed to that Kentish land of green where the little Rivers Loose and Teise, Beult and Eden and Len flow into the river.

A Roman Granary

As far as he can reveal the moving panorama of the river's history he does, and none could be a better guide through the secluded roads and bypaths overarched by trees which lead to the places where men and women lived and made history in the garden of Kent, which was also a Roman granary.

Go with him from Maidstone along the Len where it joins the Medway at the Palace Gardens, and you will come to Leeds Castle, more than half as old as English history. Or he will show you Malling Abbey, Leybourne Castle, Boxley Abbey, Penshurst Place (where Sir Philip Sidney lived and Queen Elizabeth danced), and Hever Castle, where the ill-fated Anne Boleyn spent her happiest days.

Rochester alone is a battle-scarred monument to the strength and importance of the Medway watergate. On its shadowy roll appear the names of Athelstane, Alfred, and Canute. Not till the Dutch fleet had sailed up the Medway and burned its shipping did its warlike annals come to an end.

Figures Old and New

Then peace fell on this little England, and for long generations the chief disturbance was that of the smugglers. But romance could never desert it, nor passages of history. New figures flit across its banks and waterways. We can see Pepys and Peter the Great of Russia, and when the nineteenth century came and the mutiny of the *Nore* was forgotten, there was Charles Dickens to make it memorable.

The closing years of that century were not kind to it. They devastated the banks of the Medway in an entirely new way, with ugly cement mills and factories. But beyond them, in the river's upper reaches, the beauty and the solitudes remain to make Mr Coles Finch's Medway a land where all may reap the harvest of a quiet eye.

C. L. N.

Disarmament for Microbes

THE GREAT HUNTING PACK

Number of Members—15,847

There was a little microbe once,
Too small for human sight he,
But all the armies in the world
Were not so grim or mighty.

He travelled fast, he travelled far,
The wind was his postillion,
And where the gunner killed his ten
The microbe slew his million.

You will not find in gaol or books
A villain made to match him,
Nor private sleuths nor Scotland Yard
Could ever hope to catch him.

The League of Nations vowed his death
And in the chase was tireless,
It spied him out, it tracked him down,
It warned his foes by wireless.

So when the microbe reached their shores
He found them all expectant,
And ere he slew a single man
He died in disinfectant.

As members of the C.L.N. we must be just as much interested in disarming microbes as in disarming human enemies to peace and happiness. It is no good sending diplomatic notes to microbes or asking them to attend peace conferences; they must be ruthlessly hunted down by an international pack of doctors and chemists.

Pooling Knowledge

That is being done, thanks to the League of Nations. Men of science in every land are working to put an end to disease, and are pooling their knowledge. News concerning an epidemic is telephoned from Java to Geneva, and the League's Intelligence Service moves faster than germs themselves can travel.

If there were no League of Nations scientists would still be working to find out the origin and cures of epidemics, but their discoveries would not be so fruitful, for the League's machinery links one man's work with another's. Instead of working alone they are now working as one great team to make the world healthier and safer.

The thought of that work is surely enough to make every one of us feel it a duty to help the League, and while we are young there is no better or easier way of helping than by joining the Children's League of Nations.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the card and Badge (stamps at home, international coupons abroad). Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.



The C.L.N. Badge

SAFE ON THE FLOOR OF THE GRAND CANYON

Ten years ago America had less than 5000 prongbucks, the antelope which at one time roamed the plains in huge herds.

As the country developed the antelope was ruthlessly hunted down, and the American Government has of late years awakened to the necessity of preserving this graceful creature, the only species of antelope the country possesses. The success of its efforts is shown by the fact that after three years of protection the number of prongbucks has increased to nearly nine thousand.

The animals have been distributed in sheltered places where they are likely to thrive, such as on the floor of the Grand Canyon, and hay is provided for them in winter.

May 10, 1930

VENUS APPROACHING JUPITER

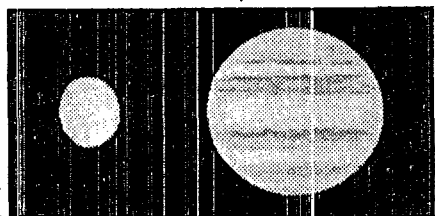
IN THE TWILIGHT SKY
Millions of Miles Between Worlds
That Appear Close Together

SATURN COMING NEARER

By the C.N. Astronomer

The approach of Venus to Jupiter has been very marked in the last few weeks. Now they are only about twelve times the Moon's apparent width apart. Next week they will get still closer, until by Saturday, May 17, they will be barely three times the Moon's width apart.

Venus will then be above Jupiter and much the brighter, the two planets looking like lamps hanging in the twilight sky. At the present time they may be first seen about half an hour after sunset (about 8.30). As they do not set till just



Venus and Jupiter, showing their apparent relative sizes and their appearance at the present time.

before eleven there will be quite two hours for observation, provided, of course, that the sky is clear down to the horizon.

On May 17, when Venus and Jupiter appear at their nearest, they will be in what is called conjunction, and due north and south of each other. Then Venus will rise higher in the sky each evening, while Jupiter sinks lower, and in three weeks' time will be lost in the sunset rays.

Though these worlds will appear so close together Venus is actually much nearer to us than to Jupiter, being 135 million miles away, while Jupiter is 555 million miles.

The presence of the bright star Betelgeuse, to the left of Venus and Jupiter, together with Procyon and the Twin stars Castor and Pollux above them, will combine to make the western sky particularly beautiful.

Before Sunrise

The early morning sky before sunrise is also very interesting next week because of the approach of the Moon to Saturn. This planet is due south between 4 and 4.30 o'clock and toward the south-west later on.

On May 16 the Moon may be seen, in the morning, at her last quarter at about twelve times her own width away to the right of Saturn. By the following morning she will be at about the same distance to the left of him.

This planet will soon be visible in the late evening, low in the south-east; in a week's time Saturn will rise near midnight and about half an hour earlier each week after. So very soon he will become the chief glory in the south-east sky, as Venus will be in the north-west.

Saturn is at present at a distance of 870 million miles, but he is getting nearer and in seven weeks' time will be at his nearest. Mars rises little more than an hour before the Sun, and so still appears too near to him to be easily visible; he is, however, slowly approaching and later on may be seen before sunrise in the east.

So we see that, while Jupiter is passing away from us, four other worlds are taking his place. G. F. M.

NOBEL'S LOVE OF PEACE

English people will be particularly pleased by one thing told about Alfred Nobel in the new Life of him by Henrik Schück and Ragnar Schimann.

It is that Nobel's work for peace was inspired by the poems of Shelley.

HARVEST FOR THE GOLDFISH

Unexpected Manna in
a Hilltop Pond

By Our Natural Historian

What may be considered a little drama of climate is in progress in a pond made on a Kentish hilltop.

Owing to the cold days of spring the frogs were exceptionally late in issuing from their winter hiding-places in the ground, and did not reach the pond to lay their eggs until the beginning of April.

One has known them to appear in a mild February, and to swarm in the early days of March. At such a season the goldfish which make their home in the pond are still sluggish from the effects of winter and have not developed appetites.

Like Little Cattle

This year, however, they were alert and hungry by the time the frogs had spawned, with the result that there will be a smaller increase than usual in the frog population of the hilltop. The spawn, sinking at first to the bottom of the water, swells and floats to the surface, where the eggs are warmed by the Sun and converted into tadpoles.

The warmth of the atmosphere may make as much as a fortnight's difference in the time required for hatching. In the pond in question, as the frog spawn floated on the top of the water the fish grew hungrier and hungrier and more and more active, so they collected round the masses and browsed on them like little cattle in a pasture.

An Interesting Contrast

Hardly a tadpole will escape to become a frog. The spawn in such a position is as an unexpected gift of manna to the fishes, for, hidden high above the church steeple, the pond is the last place which one would expect frogs to find. Needless to say, where the frogs have gone toads in still greater number have followed. There is thus an interesting contrast to note.

Whereas the frog spawn floats on the surface, the eggs of the toads, laid in long strings, are attached to the branching strands of weed which float beneath the surface. As the fish feed more at the surface than in the depths of the water the toad eggs have so far escaped.

If good fortune continues there will be thousands of tadpoles to turn into toads. Of course not all will be allowed to run their natural course. There are dragons-in-little in the water. There are fierce water-beetles, there are active hungry water-boatmen, there are the terrible larvae of the dragon-flies, all ravenous and continuously on the prowl.

Life in Still Waters

Doubtless they take toll unseen of young goldfish too. These fish, reduced by a sudden stroke of fate from a score or more to four, have now become parents. There are the seniors; there are fishes three or four inches long, half gold, half black; and there are minnow-sized fish as black as sweeps, which, in the course of the next few months, will be putting on mail as of burnished gold.

It is certain that but for the beetles and the larvae the numbers of these would have been hundreds instead of units. Life in still waters is one long battle, though to human eyes the careers of the creatures in the pond seem uncloudedly happy.

A little fish is quiet and feeding the moment after it has eluded a great enemy; the tadpoles wriggle in lazy delight up to their meal after a single stroke of the tail has carried them beyond the jaws of a devouring water-beetle. Pond life is perilous, but unconscious of its menaces. E. A. B.

Alcohol is Bad for You

ELECTRICITY TOO SLOW

Hurry Up, Engineers
CRAWLING TO THE NEW AGE

As everybody knows, electricity is above all things rapid. "Like a flash of lightning," we say. And yet, as everybody knows, electrical engineering is one of the slowest of all the professions, in England at any rate.

What a pity that British electrical progress with this rapid thing should be so slow! Returns have just been published showing that while in 1929 the British production of electricity increased to 16,300 million units (as compared with 14,900 million units in 1928) this is altogether outdistanced by both America and Germany.

The American production rose from 114,000 million to 126,700 million units. The German production rose from 28,000 million to 33,000 million units.

Melancholy Facts

So Britain is not yet making up her leeway in a matter in which she has allowed herself to fall very far behind. We consume much less than the other great countries and our rate of progress is also less.

So much depends on electrical progress that it makes us melancholy to consider the facts we give. Through electricity we can not only create more wealth but can do it comfortably and cleanly, abolishing all the dirt and ill-health that are associated with coal-burning mills, factories, and railways. By this time there ought not to be one coal-burning locomotive left in England.

Electricity can give us a new sort of world, but at present it is crawling toward it. Hurry up, Engineers, please.

OUT OF THE WORLD

St. Kilda's Plight

While every day wireless and aeroplanes seem to knit the world closer together, the islanders of St. Kilda in the Outer Hebrides are sometimes as remote from their fellow-men as if marooned in the Pacific.

A Fleetwood steam trawler was the first to become aware of the plight of the islanders, who since January had never been in touch with the outer world. The storms which had cut them off had broken their wireless. Their potato crop had been ruined by frost, they had been reduced to girdle-cakes of meal and water.

The steam trawler's skipper learned of their dire needs from a small boat which rowed out from the island, bringing the island's nurse, who is maintained there by the Scottish Board of Health. The trawler, the Harry Melling, has gone back to St. Kilda as a relief ship taking food, and letters and newspapers which St. Kilda wants almost as much.

REVOLVING LIGHTS

There was a curious sequel the other day to a business exhibit at the British Industries Fair.

A firm had been showing lighthouse lamps and buoys with revolving lights. The buoy with the revolving lights struck several business people as the very thing for advertising signs, and so much advertising business has resulted that the firm has had to set up a special department to make them.

AUSTRALIA STANDS STILL

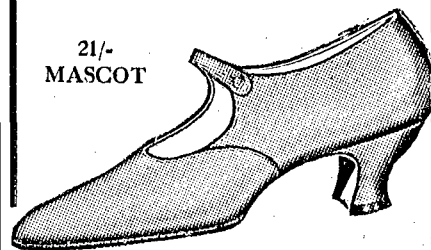
The population problem in Australia goes from bad to worse.

In the last ten years the average increase of population has been only 126,000 a year. That was small enough, but we now learn from Sydney that last year the increase was only 78,000, which means that for practical purposes the population stood still.

Braced Foot MASCOTS

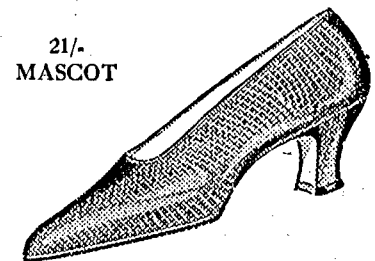
MADE on cunningly shaped lasts these MASCOT Fashion Shoes firmly brace the foot, imparting a delightful buoyancy to your step. This is the difference that gives ease during the whole day, and a smart tailored fit, and this perfection is obtainable in MASCOTS from a guinea a pair.

21/-
MASCOT



M4107 A 1-Bar Shoe in a choice of five materials.

21/-
MASCOT



M4249 Smart shoe in brunette Lizard calf. Also in black and brown Lizard calf.

Write for descriptive Booklet and Name of nearest MASCOT Agent to
NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH.

FUN AMONG THE MATCHES

Solutions to Set Number 3, which appeared in last week's "Children's Newspaper."

(14)

(15)

(16) (17)

8	4	3
1	9	5
6	2	7

(18)

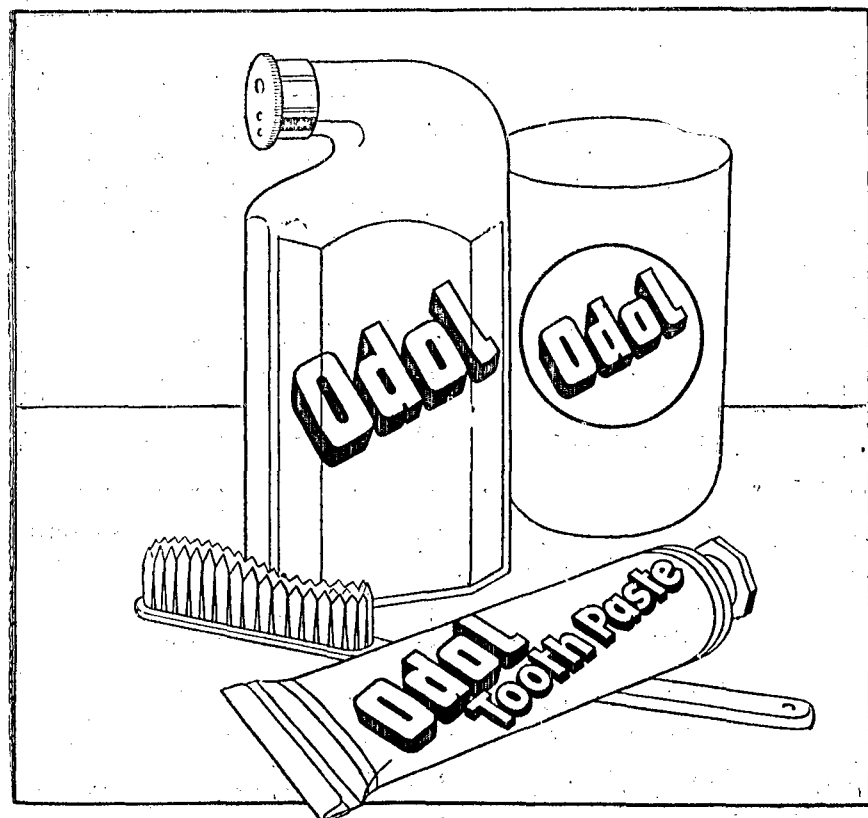
(19)

Odol

£45
in
Cash
Prizes!

PAINTING OR CRAYON COMPETITION

CLASS ONE	CLASS TWO	CLASS THREE
Age up to 8 years	Ages 8 to 13 years	Ages 13 to 16 years
5 PRIZES OF £2	5 PRIZES OF £3	5 PRIZES OF £4
and 15 consolation prizes of complete Odol Dentifrice Caskets.	and 15 consolation prizes of complete Odol Dentifrice Caskets.	and 20 consolation prizes of complete Odol Dentifrice Caskets.



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to colour with water paints or crayons this outline drawing which represents the contents of the beautiful Odol Dentifrice Casket, containing the Flask of Odol Mouth Wash, the tube of Odol Tooth Paste, the Odol Toilet Glass, and the Odol Tooth Brush. You may use any scheme of colouring you choose, disregarding the well-known Cambridge blue and black colour scheme which is identified with the Odol Dentifrice preparations, WITH THE EXCEPTION of the TOOTH PASTE TUBE, which MUST BE in the ODOL COLOURS.

ALL PRIZES MUST BE WON. NOTHING TO PAY. NOTHING TO BUY.

The prizes will be awarded to the best efforts received in the respective classes, which are arranged according to age.

Rules and Instructions.

(1). Not more than two entries can be accepted from each competitor. (2). Cut out the whole of this advertisement, write your name and address clearly on the coupon, get the certificate of parent, guardian or teacher completed, and enclose in a gummed-down envelope, using a 1½d. stamp, and addressed to: ODOL PAINTING COMPETITION, Cranbux Ltd., Westwick Street, Norwich, and post so that it is received by us on or before June 2, 1930. (3). Employees of Messrs. Cranbux Ltd. (and Associated Companies) are not allowed to compete. (4). The judges' decision will be final. No correspondence can be entered into concerning this Competition. No responsibility can be accepted for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and proof of posting does not waive these conditions. (5). Failure to comply with any of the above rules involves disqualification. (6). Results will be published in the C.N. dated July 5.

FREE ENTRY FORM CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER ODOL PAINTING or CRAYON COMP.

To 'Odol' PAINTING Competition, Cranbux Ltd., Westwick Street, Norwich.

In submitting my entry for this Competition in Class [], I agree to abide by the conditions outlined.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

SIGNED [PARENT, TEACHER OF GUARDIAN]

TALES OF THE V.C. OF PEACE

THERE is no glamour like the glamour hanging about the letters V.C.

To the Briton they stamp a man as the highest kind of hero. He feels that there is no gallantry so great as the gallantry that wins the Victoria Cross.

It is sad that the same glamour should not surround the letters A.M. The V.C. is awarded for brave deeds done during an engagement with the enemy, such as rescuing a wounded man under fire, while the A.M. is given for the brave deeds of peace. Here are a few stories which show the glorious courage which alone can win the A.M.

Petty Officer Telegraphist James Hendry had shown "a high measure of gallantry, self-sacrifice, and resource" three times in one year when they gave him the Albert Medal, second class. On one of those three occasions he was acting as observer in an aeroplane, flying close to the shore not far from Yarmouth. They were carrying bombs, and one exploded, wrecking the machine.

Flung in a Wintry Sea

P.O. Hendry was flung clear and fell 150 feet into a wintry sea. Self-preservation bade him strike out for the shore while he had strength for it, but instead he swam to the wreckage to see how it fared with the pilot. The explosion had stunned him, and the machine was sinking with the unconscious man.

For aught Hendry knew the pilot was dead already, but he thought there was a chance of life, so he went to the rescue and managed to get the pilot free. He ran a grave risk of being entangled in the wreckage and so being drowned as the machine sank.

By good luck the accident had been seen and the two men were still afloat when a trawler came to the rescue.

Leading Seaman Millar won his A.M. for extraordinary presence of mind and disregard of danger. Motor Launch 483 was refuelling alongside a jetty when an overflow of petrol from the hose ignited, and in an instant the launch was ablaze.

On a Burning Launch

Millar was standing on the fore-castle of another ship. He slid over the bows on to the burning launch, rushed aft, and removed the primers of the depth charges, thus preventing an explosion that would have cost many lives.

Then he ran through the flames and kicked the hose overboard.

His clothes were burning, so he jumped into the water to put out the flames. Then, as if he had not done enough, he climbed in again, and helped to complete the saving of the launch.

Not less cool and plucky was the behaviour of Deck Hand John Stanners, A.M. There was a smell of burning, and when the magazine hatch was opened smoke poured out. Some cotton waste had ignited and at any moment there might have been a terrific explosion. Stanners dashed down into the magazine and, clasp the burning material in his arms, brought it on deck.

How a Ship Was Saved

A stirring tale is the saving of H.M.S. Comet. She was badly damaged in a collision, being holed aft in the starboard side, and all compartments filled with water as far as the engine-room bulkhead. The stern was liable to fall off at any moment, and since the hydraulic release depth charges were set to "Fire" an explosion would have followed which would have meant the loss of the ship and crew.

Commander H. de B. Tupper sent some men in a boat to remove the primers from the depth charges and so make them safe.

But they could only release one, and the other was 15 feet under water.

On hearing this, Commander Tupper went to the spot in a dinghy and dived to the primer again and again without being able to unscrew it. He placed an iron bar in the handle and then was obliged to come up for a rest.

Able Seaman Spalding volunteered to help, but the Commander refused.

It was too dangerous a task. Sometimes a man may be forgiven for disobeying an order, and we can forgive A.B. Spalding for diving after the Commander when he went down again.

Under water, and in great peril, those two gave alternate turns to the iron bar till the primer was unscrewed and the depth charge made safe. For saving the ship by their sustained courage both were awarded the Albert Medal.

Three men proved their unselfishness when a seaplane collided with a Poulson mast and became wedged in it. The pilot was flung out of his seat on to one of the wings, where he lay stunned.

A Perilous Climb

One of the three supports of the mast was fractured by the force of the collision and the mast was bent to an angle where the seaplane was wedged. At any minute the mast or the plane might have collapsed. But, in spite of knowing that the mast was dangerous, three sailors climbed up it for 100 feet. Then one of them, Nicholas Rath, got into the chair which moves inside the mast and was hoisted up another 200 feet by the other two, Richard Knoulton and George Abbott. At that point, 300 feet above the ground, he climbed out on to the seaplane and along the wing. There he remained, holding the unconscious man until the others had climbed up to his dizzy perch.

They passed the masthead gantline out to him and he fixed the line round the pilot. Then the three lifted him from the seaplane to the inside of the mast, and lowered him to the ground.

Dedicated to the Lower Deck

The story of Donkeyman John Allan's golden deed is brief but memorable. An oiler was going alongside a battle cruiser, and was only ten feet from her when a seaman fell overboard between them. The oiler was still closing in, and there did not seem time to prevent the man from being crushed between the two ships.

But Allan jumped in at once and kept the man afloat. The oiler was prevented, just in time, from closing right in. A rope was thrown, and as soon as the other man was safe Allan allowed himself to be hoisted to safety.

These are only a few tales taken from Vice-Admiral Boyle's Book of Gallant Deeds (published by Gieves of Portsmouth), dedicated "with affection and respect" to the Lower Deck. But, few though they be, they give some idea of the heroism that lies behind the letters A.M. May the day come when the wearers of that medal are honoured as they deserve to be.

RUSSIA HAS A NEW CALENDAR

And a New Alphabet

The Bolshevik regime is nothing if not thorough. The new calendar, dating from November 1, 1917, has just been announced.

The present year is Year 13. There are 360 working days and five revolutionary holidays. Each quarter (90 days) is divided into three months of 30 days, two days being taken from January and March to add to February. Each month is divided into three decades (10 days) and into six weeks of five days, Sunday being abolished. The new weekdays will probably be named Hammer, Sickle, Sun, Sheaf, and Star.

Russia is also looking forward to a new alphabet. It will not be long before Russia makes its language easier to other people by using Latin characters instead of Russian.

How to change the alphabet of 30 letters into the Latin alphabet of only 26 has been studied for some time by a learned commission in Moscow. It is hoped that the use of ordinary letters will not only make it easier for Russian people to learn European languages, but that it will also help Europeans to learn Russian.

THE ZOO'S EASTER BABY

SHY LEMUR WHO WON'T LEAVE HIS MOTHER

Felix Keeps On Walking While Gus Stays at Home

THE LOVE-SICK LION AND HIS LITTLE VISITOR

Apparently the Zoo's nursery is to be well stocked again this year, for already quite a number of baby animals have appeared in the gardens.

In the marmots' enclosure several youngsters may be seen peeping out of the entrances to the burrows, and on the Mappin Terraces mother goats are leading their frisky, surefooted offspring up the steep slopes of their domain. A pair of prairie wolves are rearing a litter of cubs. In the Antelope House there is a baby nyloghaie (Indian antelope) who gazes thoughtfully at his visitors but fears to approach them. And there is also a baby brown lemur who was born on Easter Sunday; but it is not easy to see him, for he is exactly the same colour as his mother and he hangs on to her and never leaves her.

New Arrivals

This spring the Zoo's birds were slow to realise that they ought to be thinking about nesting, yet the budgerigars, the swans, and the inmates of the Wader's aviary are all proudly exhibiting young; and it is expected that many more avians, including the crowned lapwings, black-backed gulls, and common cranes, will soon be following their example.

As yet few new arrivals have been imported from abroad, the only orphaned babies the Zoo has received being two lion cubs from Kenya. They are about five months old, and although not born in captivity they were reared by hand and are therefore perfectly tame. Fortunately both are males, and this makes them a welcome present for the Zoo, because they will be most suitable mates for Elizabeth and Lurline, the baby lionesses which were born in the gardens some months ago.

At present Elizabeth and her sister are still living with their parents, but the family will soon have to be broken up, and it is then intended to introduce the cubs to the new young lions so that the quartet can grow up together. The two sisters and the two brothers will be excellent playmates for each other, for the newcomers from Kenya are exceptionally amiable and may be able to persuade the menagerie-bred cubs to be less suspicious of their admirers. Though Elizabeth and Lurline look good-tempered they are inclined to be spiteful.

Lion Cub in Hospital

Gus, the third lion cub, is no longer on view. He is ill and has retired to hospital. He is the tamest and liveliest member of the family, and although he hates being separated from his relatives and is inclined to feel annoyed with the hospital keeper who gives him his medicine, he is by no means depressed by his illness.

But he is lonely and is obviously looking for a playmate. If he sees Felix, the Zoo's tame cheetah, going out for a walk on a lead Gus will call to him. But Felix is suspicious, and replies with an angry snarl. So far the only friend Gus has made is a fox-terrier, kept for rat-catching. Every morning the dog calls on the young lion and plays with him through the bars of the den; and when the dog moves on to visit another of his friends, a sick chimpanzee, poor Gus roars with jealousy.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Carcassonne Kar-kah-son
Pribilov Pre-be-lof
Procyon Pro-se-on
Sumer Soo-mer

100 YEARS OF A MANXMAN

T. E. Brown and His Poems

A hundred years ago this month, on May 5, 1830, was born in the Isle of Man the most distinguished of its sons, Thomas Edward Brown.

His father was the vicar of Kirk Braddan, a church known to every visitor to the island. The boy was educated on the island, at King William's College, and then passed on to Oxford and won some of its highest distinctions. Returning to the Isle of Man he became vice-principal of his old college for several years. Then he came back to England as Master of the Cathedral School at Gloucester; and finally, for almost the rest of his life, he was head of the modern side of Clifton College. For nearly 30 years T. E. Brown was a distinctive feature of that great Public School, influencing many men who afterwards would influence the world. He served for a time as a curate in Bristol, but his essential work was done in the school and as a poet.

His Sad End

In his holidays he went back to the Isle of Man, and for the last four years of his life he retired there. He might have been its Archdeacon, but he declined the offer. His death occurred with great suddenness and sadness. He had returned to Clifton College to give an address to the boys, and he died from a stroke while speaking to them, on October 30, 1897.

T. E. Brown would have been kept in memory by his work as a schoolmaster if he had not been also a poet. W. E. Henley, who was one of his boys at Gloucester, said of him that he was "ever so many things—scholar, talker, mimic, preacher, teacher, musician, lover of music, and lover of man, but most of all he was the man of letters."

His work as a man of letters had for its chief aim the preservation in literature of the character and ways of thinking of his fellow Manxmen—he the scholar, they mostly simple but sterling fishermen. To picture them he wrote three dialect volumes of sea yarns, simple tales, and narratives in verse.

A Lovesome Thing

There can be no question about the quality of Brown's poetic inspiration and form. As a lyrical writer he has exquisite charm. Who does not know his most familiar poem of the garden:

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contents that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool!
Nay, but I have a sign;
Tis very sure God walks in mine.

Then there is this, called Vespers, in the same vein of lyrical delicacy:

O blackbird, what a boy you are!
How you do go it!
Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star;
How you do blow it!
And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far?
Or is it wasted breath?
Good Lord! she is so bright
Tonight!
The blackbird saith.

Then, too, he could write to thrill and rouse as well as to please, as witness his picture of the Peel lifeboat going out to the rescue in a storm:

And the castle walls were crowned,
And no woman lay in swound,
But they stood upon the height
Straight and stiff to see the fight,
For they knew
What the pluck of men can do.
With the fury and the din,
And the horror and the roar,
Rolling in, rolling in,
Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore!

A fine man this, with a small field of poetry all his own, and one whose centenary should long be faithfully kept.

The tragedy of the boy who could not go

DEAR C.N. READERS,

A little girl once said, "I can't read much—not long words—but I can read pictures." Here are four pictures for you to read this week.

You can all understand what they mean, but you would understand far better if you had to live in the slums of East London and see the sights I see every day. It is a terrible thing to have to say to any very poor child, "I am sorry, but you can't have even a day's holiday. No tickets left."



NO TICKETS LEFT. HOPING TO THE LAST. VISIONS OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. DESPAIR!

Do please help me, so that we may not have to refuse any child! Our aim is to send at least 15,000 boys and girls to the Seaside or Country for a day's holiday. The cost is 2s. each. We shall also be sending 500 to 600 delicate children to a Holiday Home for a fortnight. The cost is 30s. each. How much can you, and will you, give? Can you club together at your School, or in your own home, and send 30s. or more? Talk it over with your parents and teachers. Show them these four pictures. When you send your gift please address the envelope:

The Rev. F. W. Chudleigh,
EAST END MISSION,
Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

Any sum will be gratefully acknowledged

Something to sing about!

BIRD'S CUSTARD

"It's so nutritious"

Health + Fitness

Andrews aids Health and Fitness by providing the right discipline which prevents little ills from growing into bigger ones. For over 35 years Andrews has been used in countless Homes as an ever-ready corrective for young and old.

9d. & 1/4

CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 13 The Place of Dread

DON looked incredulous. "Not in the ship!" he exclaimed. "But he must be. Go and look, Kupa."

"I look. I sure, master," said Kupa. "He must have gone ashore," said Jim. "I don't know what would have taken him to the beach," muttered Jim, very perplexed, and then Kupa broke in.

"He come." He pointed over the side, and Jim saw a sparkle of phosphorescence in the calm water and in it a dark body driving swiftly toward the schooner. A moment later Parami came over the rail and stood, with the water running off his shiny brown body.

"Where have you been, Parami?" Don asked sternly.

Parami shifted a little so as to be beyond the rays of the binnacle lamp.

"I go to see other schooner," he answered simply. "I want see if him, Sangata, aboard."

Don looked puzzled. "He means the Malay, the one who escaped with him from the Kiwi," explained Jim.

"Yes, of course," said Don. "I'd forgotten. Was he there, Parami?"

"I no see him," replied Parami.

Don nodded. "Then you feel easier in your mind, eh, Parami?"

Parami looked doubtful. "I glad when we leave this place," he said.

"Oh, stop croaking and go and turn in," said Don. "And don't leave the ship again without leave. D'ye hear?"

"I see, master," said Parami quietly and faded away.

Jim frowned. "That chap's getting on my nerves, Don. I shall be almost as glad as he to clear out."

Next morning dawned bright and not quite as hot as usual, for the breeze sprang up early and the lagoon sparkled with a million sun-kissed ripples. Chi Ling cooked an extra special breakfast and Don asked him to put up some sandwiches.

"We're going ashore with Captain Jansen," he told him.

"You be careful. You take pistol," said the Chinaman.

Don smiled. "I'd do that if it will make your mind easier. Remember, you're in charge while we're away."

A few minutes later Parami came up to Jim, who was standing by the rail examining the island through a pair of field-glasses.

"You go ashore, little master?" he said. Jim swung round upon him. "Yes. Any objections?"

Parami shook his head. "It no good I say anything," he said sadly.

"Not a bit," Jim retorted. "The fact is you're getting to be a nuisance, Parami, with your endless croaking."

"Please, I go with you."

"No. We're going with Captain Jansen. You must help Chi Ling to look after the ship." Then, seeing the downcast look on the man's fine face, his heart smote him. "Cheer up, Parami, and remember we're off first thing tomorrow morning."

But Parami showed no signs of cheering up and Jim felt half angry, half worried at the man's queer objection to their plans. But he had not much time to think, for here was Jansen being pulled across to the Dolphin.

Jansen wore stout breeches and gaiters and carried a heavy stick. He was clean-shaven and smart as ever, and the usual smile was on his big face as he gave Jim a cheery good-morning. Jim and Don got into the boat and were pulled rapidly to the beach. Jansen ordered his men to take the boat back, but warned them to watch and be ready to fetch them off when they came back in the afternoon.

"I am not taking any of them with me," he said. "I will get one of these islanders to carry the food."

Half a dozen natives were busy with their canoes and Jansen called to them. He seemed to speak their language perfectly, for at once one of them came up and Jansen gave him the hamper to carry.

"His name is Tulagi," he explained. "Now let us get forward. This sun is somewhat too much, even for me."

If it was he did not show it, for there was hardly a bead of perspiration on his broad face, and Jim was more than ever struck with the lightness of his walk. He came to the conclusion that most of what seemed to be fat was muscle and that Captain Dirck Jansen must be a man of enormous strength.

This idea was strengthened by the way in which the big Dutchman went up the bush path leading into the heart of the island. It was steep and it was narrow, and though the great trees cut off the direct rays of the

Sun the atmosphere was like that of the hottest hothouse at Kew.

The native Tulagi stalked along ahead. He seemed a silent fellow and said nothing. They met no other natives on the path and the only life was birds and insects. The birds were brilliant in colour but curiously silent. Up and up they went until at last they arrived in a clearing where the Sun blazed down fiercely and hundreds of butterflies fluttered over patches of waxen-looking white flowers.

"Is it not beautiful?" said Jansen as he pointed to a gigantic swallow-tail fully six inches across the wings and shining with metallic blue and purple.

They pushed on up the path which wound endlessly through the thick bush, and after nearly two hours' walking they came suddenly upon a great wall of huge stones.

This wall enclosed a wide circular space rounded like a skull, and the ground within was bare and tramped hard. In the centre was a platform built of the same great stones and on it a statue.

Jim pulled up short and gazed at the thing, his eyes widening with horror. There were no legs. It was a huge, half-human body with an enormous head. But such a head! The wide thin-lipped mouth, great blunt nose, and small eyes sunk deep under craggy brows gave the face a fiendish expression.

"What a brute!" said Don.

"Not pleasant," agreed Jansen, "yet most interesting. A relic, I believe, of the days when this island was part of a continent, and the centre of a great nation of whom these natives are the degenerate survivors."

There was a great stone trough in front of the image, carved with monkey-like heads. Jansen sat coolly down on this.

"I think we might have lunch," he said.

CHAPTER 14

When the Storm Broke

JIM looked round to see Tulagi standing stock-still, and staring at Jansen with an expression on his ugly face that might have been terror or horror, or both. "What's the matter with the man?" Jim asked in a whisper of Don.

JACKO FETCHES THE CAKE

IT was a lovely spread. Jacko stood at the door and gaped.

"Buns and doughnuts and ginger-snaps and cream slices!" he gasped.

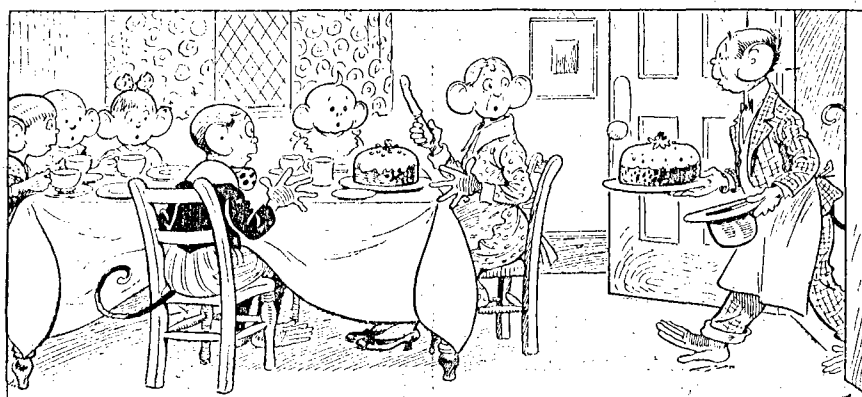
"I wish Baby had a birthday party every week!"

"I'm sure I'm glad he hasn't," said Mother Jacko, who was rather tired after all the preparations. "Now shut

Jacko was off like a shot. And he was in such a hurry to get back that he didn't even wait for the baker to come into the shop from the back premises.

"This will do," he said, seizing a beautiful iced cake and running off with it.

"It's a very elaborate cake," said Mother Jacko when she saw it. "And not a bit what I ordered. I'm afraid



At that moment in rushed the baker

the door and go away, Jacko. Tea's not till half-past four."

"Two hours to wait," groaned Jacko. "What shall I do?"

There was plenty to do. Soon the little guests—three shy little girls—arrived, and Jacko had to help to amuse them. He chose the games and quite fancied himself as Big Brother Jacko.

Soon they were all sitting round the tea-table, and the only face that wasn't happy was Mother Jacko's.

"Jacko," she said in a horrified whisper, "they haven't sent the birthday cake! Run down to the shop, quick! Dear, dear! I should have noticed it before."

they will charge me a lot for it." But she put it on the table.

There was great excitement when the cake appeared, and all the children clapped. But when Mrs Jacko took the knife to cut it a look of horror came over her face.

"It won't cut!" she gasped. "Oh dear, what is the matter with it?"

But just at that moment in rushed the baker with another cake.

"You ought to give that boy of yours a taste of the stick, Mum," he said angrily. "Rushed into my shop, he did, and went off with a cake before I could stop him. No wonder you can't cut it—it's a dummy!"

"Jansen's no business to sit on that trough," said Don. "It must be sacred to the native. I'll tell him."

Jansen laughed.

"You are perhaps right, Captain Dysart. Besides, the sun here is too hot. Let us find shade in which to seat ourselves."

A great cotton-wood flung its branches across the wall on the east side of the enclosure, and some loose stones lay beneath it. Jansen walked lightly across to these, and the others followed. Jansen sat down and called to Tulagi, who brought the hamper across. Jim noticed that the man's eyes were still fixed on Jansen with an odd expression of wonder and fear.

The lunch which Jansen unpacked was a very good one. Sandwiches, cheese biscuits, fruit salad in a glass jar, delicacies such as Don and Jim had not seen for a long time.

"You do yourself well, captain," said Don with a laugh.

"I am glad you are pleased. Besides, this is a special occasion," said the big Dutchman.

He was smiling again, and somehow that smile struck Jim unpleasantly for it was on Jansen's lips, not in his little bright blue eyes. In spite of the good food Jim was not happy. That hideous statue worried him, and he had a sort of feeling that this place had been the scene of terrible rites in past times. Tulagi, too; he could not understand the way the native was watching Jansen. He was grateful when lunch was finished and Jansen rose lightly to his feet.

"There are more ruins on the hillside beyond," he said. "Would you wish to explore them?"

"No," said Jim, so sharply that Don looked at him in surprise. "I hate the place," Jim explained. "There's something evil about it. Don't you feel it, Don?"

"I can't say I do," said Don, "though that statue is a regular nightmare. But it's hotter than ever and I rather think a storm is brewing, so I'd just as soon get back to the ship."

"Very good," agreed Jansen courteously. "Let us return."

They packed up the plates and glasses, Tulagi balanced the hamper on his head, and they started back. As they passed under the arch in the great wall Jim glanced back. The afternoon sun struck

full on the face of the image, and it seemed to him that the thin lips were curved in a cruel grin. In spite of the heat he shivered and quickened his pace down the slope.

Don was right. A storm was brewing. The steamy air was breathless, and a grey veil covering the whole sky dimmed the sun glare without cutting off its heat. When they reached the clearing where the waxen flowers grew Jansen turned to the left. "This path is steep but it is shorter than the one we came by," he explained. "We must hurry if we do not wish to get wet."

The path was steep. In some places it was almost a precipice, yet Jim noticed that it looked as if it were much used, for the clay was smoothed with the pressure of many bare feet. But he did not pay much attention to this, for a low rumble of distant thunder warned him and his companions that the storm was coming fast.

They came to more level ground; the path widened, and there, right in front, was the street of a native village. Jim and Don pulled up short, and Don spoke to Jansen. "We can't go through this," he said sharply.

A look of surprise crossed Jansen's broad face.

"Why not? These people are all right. This is the village of Togan, who is your friend?" He paused. "And here he comes to welcome you," he added.

Sure enough, here was the stout chief, showing his white teeth in a grin of welcome. Jansen spoke to him in his own language, and Togan replied. Jansen turned to Don.

"He asks that we shall come into the tribal house. That is a great favour on his part. And it will be as well that we do so, for the rain is near."

"I don't like it," said Jim in a whisper to his brother.

"We can't refuse," Don told him. "We should give fearful offence."

Jim spoke to Jansen.

"You think it's all right?"

"But yes. I would not go unless I knew that it was safe."

A brilliant flash of lightning lit the gloom, followed by a clap of thunder. Then came a lower, deeper roar, and the grey rain cloud swept across the jungle.

"Come!" cried Jansen, and ran.

As there seemed nothing else to do the others followed, and reached the tribal house just as the rain broke like a cataract across the village. The house was a vast, dark place, some sixty feet long and twenty wide. The thatched roof sloped steeply up above them. The walls were decorated with grinning masks, fierce-looking faces painted black and red, and with native shields. At the far end was a raised platform on which stood the tribal drums made of hollowed logs and covered with skin.

Togan ushered them to the platform. He was talking all the time, but the din of the pealing thunder and the tremendous roar of the rain drowned his voice. In any case only Jansen could understand what he said. He seemed to be very friendly, yet Jim was not quite comfortable, for Parami's warnings kept returning to his mind. The storm came right overhead; a blinding flash was followed by a crash like the explosion of a shell, and Jim covered his dazzled eyes with his hands. When he recovered a little he heard Don speaking in his ear.

"Where's Jansen?" he was asking.

Jim looked round but the gloom was so intense that it was like midnight. Then came a second flash, and by its light Jim realised that he and Don were alone in this great, gloomy place.

"Something wrong," he snapped. "We must clear out."

He and Don ran for the door, only to find it closed. They tried to open it, but it was barred from without.

"Crooked work somewhere," said Don.

"It's that fellow Naroa, the witch doctor," Jim answered. "I'm sure of it. What are we going to do?"

"Sit tight until someone comes," said Don quietly. "Don't worry, old man. It will be all right."

"I'm not worrying," Jim answered; and indeed he was not. Now that real trouble had come all his nervousness had left him. "What I'm wondering is what they've done with Jansen. I never saw him go out."

"Nor I," allowed Don. He looked round.

"I suppose we couldn't cut our way out."

"Not a dog's chance," replied Jim, with a glance at the flint-like bamboos which composed the walls.

The storm was passing. It grew lighter.

"Someone coming," said Jim suddenly.

The door opened and Naroa appeared.

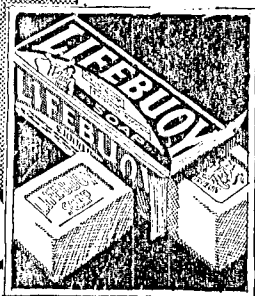
But he was not alone, for behind him were six men armed with spears and shields.

TO BE CONTINUED

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believing
in
themselves



"A simple habit marked the change"
—their mothers say.

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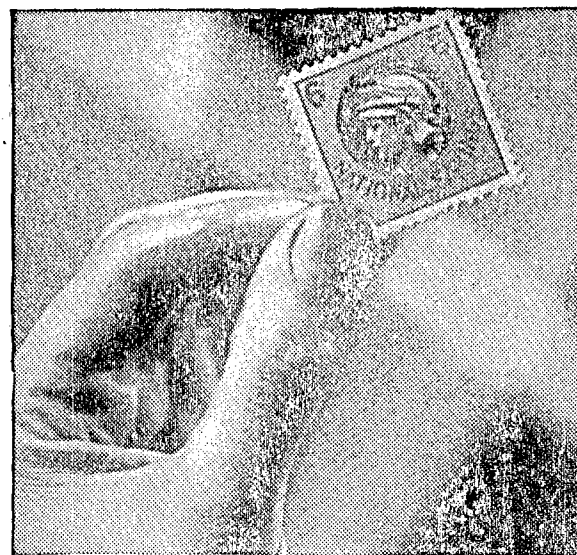
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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 10, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

In the Market

A FARMER went to market and bought a horse and a cow. Half the price of the horse was equal to four-fifths the price of the cow. If the horse cost £15 more than the cow what was the sum the farmer gave for each?

Answer next week

Is Your Name Eyre?

THIS is really the word heir, spelled differently, and its use as a surname indicates that the ancestor of those bearing it was known to his neighbours as the heir to certain property. The description became attached to him and passed to his descendants as a surname.

Ici On Parle Français



Un os Le feu de joie Le livre

Pour un chien un os est un régal. On allumera un grand feu de joie. Mettez les livres sur ce rayon.

Dropped Letters

WHOLE I am a Roman governor; extract one letter and I am useful at a meal; take away another letter and I am a head; curtail me and I am a gentle blow.

Answer next week

Facts

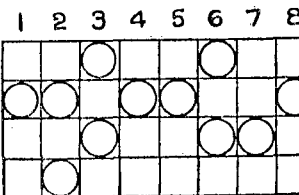
THACKERAY was nearly 6 feet 4 inches tall.

Every year the West of England gets 20 inches more rain than the East.

Honey is about 70 per cent sugar.

The Houses of Parliament cover an area of eight acres.

Squares and Circles



PLACE vowels in the circles and consonants in the squares so that when the eight vertical words have been found correctly from the definitions given the first and third horizontal lines spell the names of two kinds of fish.

1. Throw. 2. Ceremony. 3. Border on. 4. Guard. 5. Mists. 6. Unit. 7. Store. 8. Workman.

Answer next week

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

DICK CULLAND was tired of everything.

He had been crazy on carpentering at first, then nothing interested him but his stamp collection. "Afterwards it was Halma, or worrying one of his elders to take him to a museum.

"What is a chap to do in this stuffy old town?" he groaned. "If only I lived in the country!"

"If you thought of someone beside yourself, Master Dick, you might get on better," said Sanders angrily, when she found Dick had tied her apron-strings to the coal scuttle.

And somehow the words stuck in the penitent sinner's mind long after he had picked up that coal!

Other Worlds Next Week

In the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Neptune is in the South-West and Jupiter and Venus are in the West. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on May 12.



An Enigma

I WEAR a crown, but I'm not a king;
I bear a root, but I'm not a flower;
When cut I bite, but never fight;
I'm sometimes sweet, but never sour.
Get me with trouble, lose me with pain,
Wait for a while and you'll have me again;
Guard me and prize me, and yet, one day,
Pay somebody well to take me away.

Answer next week

Living for a Day

AS its name indicates, the mayfly appears during the present month. In its perfect state this insect only lives a few hours, or a day or two at the most. In the evenings hundreds of these little brown and yellow flies may be seen hovering over ponds and streams, rising and falling with a rhythmic movement over the surface of the water. The mayfly

lays its eggs in the water in batches, and when the larvae hatch out they drop to the bottom and hide in a burrow or under a stone. There they stay for two or three years until they are ready to come to the surface and develop into perfect insects to enjoy their one day of adult life.

Jumbled Towns

THE following six groups of letters represent the names of six towns, the letters of which have been jumbled. When you have found the towns arrange their initial letters to spell the name of the country to which they belong.

NNBLOTAEAUIFE
ASETNN
YANPERE
SANEIM
RNEOU
RESARTCH

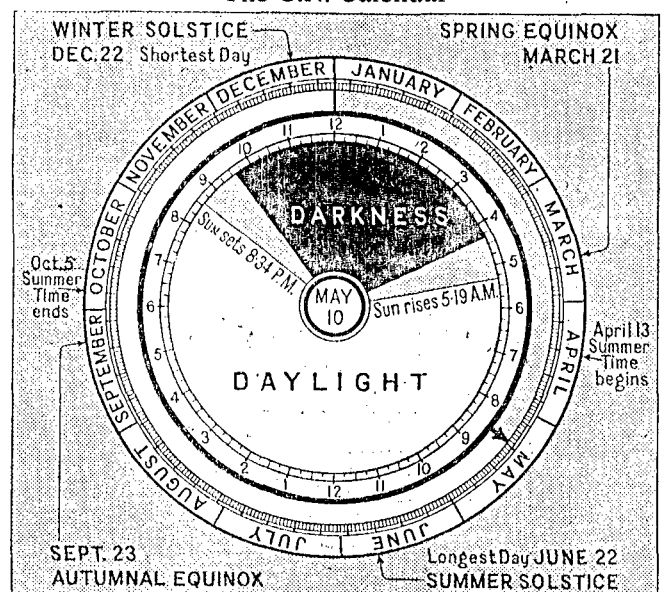
Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS-

At the Auction Diagonal Acrostic
£100 Nosegay
A Charade boaster
Ear-nest barrier
An Enigma service
A pair of shoes. require
The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle beseech

HISTORY WANTED
ON ODE VREIN E
A R D E P A R T E D A N
R O U T D A R E D A N C E
D A T U M R I A L L E E R
I T B A N T E R E R W A
N D E N E D A I R N L
G A R R E T S A D M I R E S

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, darkness, and twilight on May 10. The daylight grows longer every day. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

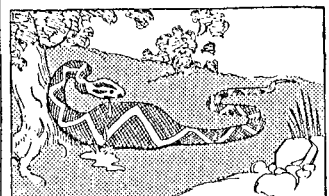
DR. MERRYMAN

His Harvest

A GENTLEMAN was visiting a prison when he saw a famous thief at his prison duty of sewing mail-bags.

"Ha!" cried the gentleman to the prisoner, "sewing, my man?"
"No," was the reply. "Reaping!"

A Heavy Meal



No wonder this snake looked so sad. He had managed to swallow a goat; and it wasn't remorse that he had when he felt a big lump in his throat!

Their Own Team

DICK and Hugh went to stay with an aunt, greeting her with: "What do you think we have got? A baby brother!"

Auntie, who knew of Mother's longing for a daughter, said: "What a pity he wasn't a girl."

"Oh, no," replied Dick, "we can't spare him. You see we only want eight more and then we shall have our own cricket team."

Adjustable

THE teacher asked the children to name some long words.

"Procrastinate," said one child.

"Good," replied the teacher.

"Now, Jimmy, you name one."

"Elastic," said Jimmy.

"But that's not a long word."

"No, miss," replied Jimmy; "but you can stretch it."

Short-Sighted

JAMES: Poor old Robinson is getting dreadfully short-sighted.
Jack: Is that so? I'm sorry to hear it.

James: Yes; he tells me that he even goes to bed wearing his glasses because he can't recognise the people he dreams about.

Scarecrows

MR. SMITH had just finished putting the seeds in the garden.

"How about the birds eating the seeds?" queried Mrs. Smith. "Haven't you better put up a scarecrow?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter," was the reply. "One of us will always be in the garden."

HELPING THE LAME DOG

"You must be a boy Scout, eh? doing a good turn," said one gentleman as he took in the situation and gave the lame dog a shilling instead of the penny.

"Doing all right, eh, Pypers?" said Dick.

He was enjoying himself. "What's your name?" he asked. "Tom? All right."

And the joke of it was he sold the last of the bundle to Dad on his own doorstep.

"That's right," he said; "nothing like helping a lame dog over a stile," and he added half-a-crown to the collection.

Tom fairly broke down as Dick shook him by the hand and moved away.

"Mother's sick and Mollie hadn't a bit of shoe leather,"

he said. "They won't believe I got all this honestly."

And that wasn't the end of Pypers either. First of all, Dad mentioned that he was so pleased at seeing Dick showing the Scout spirit that he took him down to the country next day and gave him a mount.

It was the first time that Dick, who loved horses, had been on one since he was a baby, and he had the time of his life. But even that wasn't as good as ferreting out poor Pypers and starting him on a better job.

"After all a chap can find sport even in London," said Dick to his mother just before school started. "I've had a jolly old time—ever since I sold papers."



Is your child often poorly?

Nature refusing to function.

Nine times out of ten when a child is out-of-sorts, the liver and stomach are sluggish, and the system has become clogged with waste matter. How can a child be well? The only remedy needed is "California Syrup of Figs." A dose soon regulates the system, tones up the liver, sweetens the stomach and makes the little sufferer bright and well again.

"California Syrup of Figs" banishes biliousness, keeps nature functioning and ensures pure blood, clear complexion, joyous spirits, a keen brain, healthy appetite, and aids sturdy growth.

Ask your chemist for "California Syrup of Figs," 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle (full directions on label). Emphasise "California," and no mistake will be made.



SLEEP

Do you enjoy the luxurious pleasure of just jumping into bed and falling sound asleep almost immediately; sleeping seven or eight hours continuously and waking fresh, alert and ready for your day's work? If you do not the "Allenburys" Diet should be added to your daily fare.

A cup of this delightful food beverage taken at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. will quickly tone your system and ensure energy for the day and for the night that wonderful restorer—sound sleep.



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